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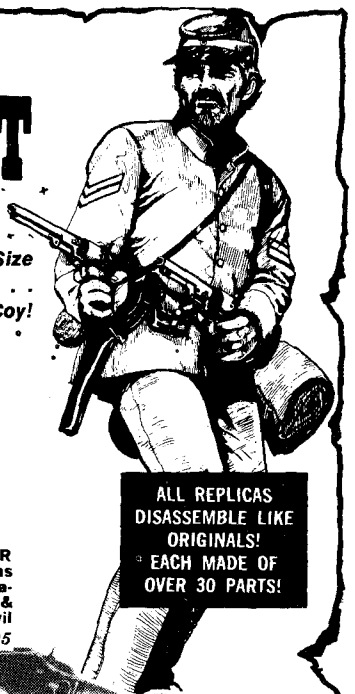

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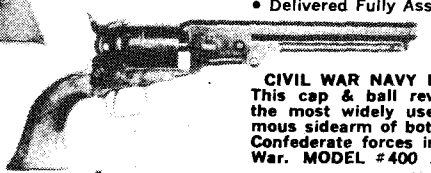

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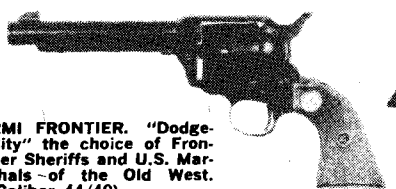

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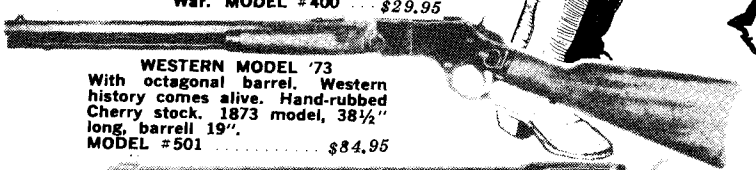

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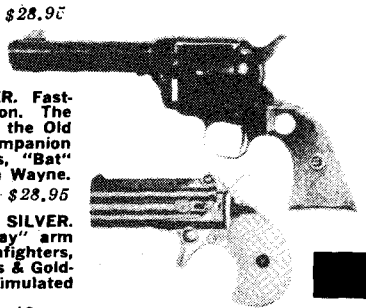

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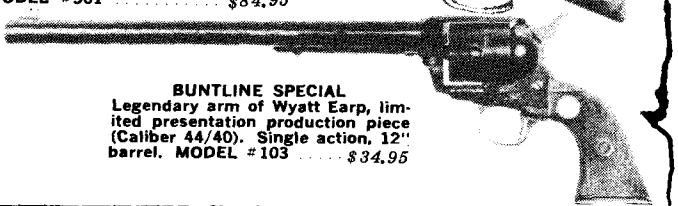

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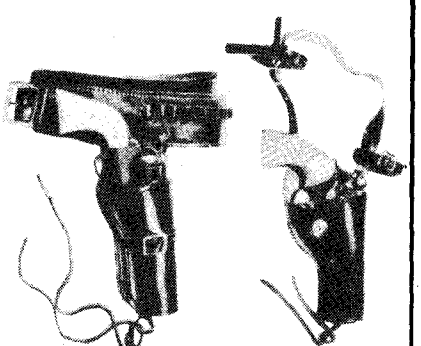

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:
If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED... "rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation ...*and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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By Thomas A. Frazier

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By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

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By William Wingfield

●

RAILS ACROSS THE SIERRAS
By Cy Martin

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THE DAY JESSE TURNED YANKEE AROUND
By Bob Watson

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THE INDIANS' GIANT CANNIBAL
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MEAN AS HELL, TOUGH AS RAWHIDE
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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW. Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

"CHALK CREEK GHOST TOWN" BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

Dear Sir:

I just finished reading "Chalk Creek Ghost Town" in your April issue, and it brought back many memories. Not only did I know Tony Roy and Annabelle Stark very well as a small child, but also Pat Hurley, who had the leading saloon. That is a story in itself.

My father, Dr. George E. Newell, had charge of the Mary Murphy Mine Hospital at Romley from around 1913-1917, and was the only doctor from Romley to St. Elmo and also over the divide to Tincup. I remember he was called one day to attend to a miner who was gravely ill with pneumonia. My dad made the entire trip on skis and spent several days with his patient until he was out of danger. During times like that, my mother, who was not a nurse but had acquired a great deal of practical knowledge, had charge of the 3-bed hospital.

I recall when the cook at the mine boarding house thought that one man was trying to steal his girl friend's affections. He put poison in his food. My dad's stomach pump had a real workout. All was forgiven, however, and Charley, the cook, had no problem with his girl friend after that.

There are so many stories and memories in my mind about those days, and I sincerely thank Cy Martin for jogging my memories.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. George E. Burghardt
P.O. Box 211
Oceanside, Oregon 97134

REMEMBERS RELATIVES WHO KNEW PAT GARRETT

Dear Sirs:

In the matter of Pat Garrett and Wayne Brazel, I feel that I must, as near as possible at this late date, help set the record straight.

After leaving the service in 1943, I went to New Mexico and worked for 27 years for the Southern Pacific Railway. I worked from El Paso to Carrizozo, New Mexico. My aunt, my father's sister, was Anne Brazel who had married Will Brazel, brother of Wayne Brazel. Around 1956 Will Brazel shot himself at Tularosa, New Mexico.

In 1943 I had a room at my aunt's home in Carrizozo. At that time, two old-timers, Lilly Clasner and Amos Gaylord, were County wards at my aunt's house. When a small girl, Lilly had known William Bonney personally. Besides talking to Lilly Clasner and Amos Gaylord, I also knew and talked to other old-timers, Sears Crocket, Rufus and "Humpy" Hughes and Ward Leslie. Some of these people were inside and outside the law at various times. They all told me that Pat Garrett was a braggart and a bully, and some also told me that Garrett, Bonney and some Mexican man stole and ran stock across the Rio Grande before they came to Lincoln County. I have been unable to locate anyone who said or implied that Wayne Brazel was anything but a small-time rancher and cowboy. To show the way things were, my cousin Myrtle was teaching school at Las Cruces, New Mexico. The school board heard she was of the Brazel family and suspended her.

I should have inquired a lot more while people who knew were living; I don't know why I did not. I have no quarrel with Pat Garrett. I just know what people told me who were there, and this proves to me that Brazel was no bully, and least of all a gunman. Perhaps it will take people like Herb Book, strangers to either family, just hunting for the truth to prove pro or con, if ever.

Sincerely,
W.L. "Bill" Wiggins
Rt. 1 Box 165
Sulphur Springs, Ark. 72768

GLAD THIS WRITER IS NOT ANGRY AT US

Dear Sir:

William Kelly of Fullerton, California is right about publishers printing stale BS and rejecting true stories by many writers just because these writers don't have a "name" that's known to publishers. Their stories are rejected in favor of stories that are 50 to 75 percent false. And I speak from experience, as I've had several true stories rejected before I quit wasting time, paper and postage on these publications. A well-known publisher canceled my subscription a year in advance after I exposed some of the "bull-gravy" he called 100% true. He canceled the subscription when they were paid up a year in advance and gave no notice or reason for doing so.

I could have prosecuted this "windbag" editor, but I found a better way to even the score. It seems he has done the same thing to other writers, as I know of one who visits as many newsstands as possible every month, and all magazines from this publisher are either turned backward, or hidden behind other magazines, or both. I would guess this has cost the publisher several hundred dollars in the last three years, so don't underestimate some of the free-lance writers. They aren't dummies as some publishers think they are.

Very truly yours,
Wallace Taver
Wenatchee, Washington 98510

We sympathize with all free-lance writers, but please realize the hundreds of articles that are received each month, and only a dozen or so can be used in one issue. It would be impossible to use them all.

HIS OWN GRANDPAW — MAYBE

Dear Sir:

I just read in your REAL WEST, May 1974 issue, a story about Jesse James. On page 62 it states that Jesse married Zerelda, a first cousin. And it also explains that she was his first cousin because her mother was Jesse's aunt and her father and Jesse's grandmother were double cousins.

Now the part of Zeralda's mother being Jesse's aunt is okay. But the part of her father and Jesse's grandmother, etc., I cannot buy because to be first cousins it takes children of two brothers or of two sisters or of a brother and sister! Zeralda's mother, in other words, would have to be Jesse's mother's sister or his father's sister. What say you now?

James LaBella
194 Cambridge St.
East Hartford, Conn. 06118

●RW

We got lost in the second paragraph. Maybe Carl Breihan can straighten us out.

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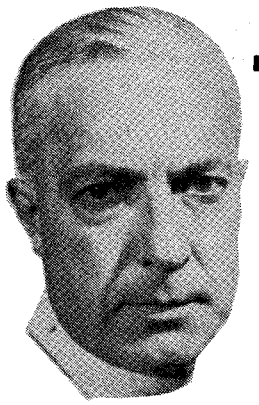
An Important Message



To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

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THE PASSING OF CLOUD DANCER

By Norman B. Wiltsey

Sunset gilded the western ridges as the Black Robe missionary priest, Father Carey, rode up to the lonely lodge of Cloud Dancer. Since the surrender of Crazy Horse and most of the defeated Teton Sioux at Fort Robinson in May of 1877, the aged medicine man had lived alone for two months in his red-painted *tipi* at the deserted camping ground near Beaver Creek. He made no trouble, as a holy man the soldiers left him alone. Yet Father Carey, disturbed by reports that the old man was fasting in preparation for death, had ridden out from the Fort to try to persuade him to come "live on the white man's island."

The young priest found Cloud Dancer squatted cross-legged in his lodge, gazing fixedly into a tiny fire. The white-haired medicine man was immaculately dressed in ceremonial robes of quilled and beaded white buckskin; the long, feathered calumet hung in its elaborately decorated fawnskin case from his left shoulder. Sweetgrass burned slowly at the edges of the fire; its aromatic fumes filled the lodge.

Cloud Dancer seemed deep in a trance from which he seemed reluctant to emerge. Although no scrap of food was visible about the barren *tipi*, the old Indian courteously refused Father Carey's offer of a sack of *pemmican*. He did accept tobacco, which he tamped into the redstone bowl of his reed-stemmed pipe with emaciated fingers that oddly resembled the talons of a huge bird. Lighting the pipe with a brand plucked from the fire, Cloud Dancer gravely offered the pipe-stem to *Maka*, the Mother Earth; to the sacred Above People; to the Four Corners of the World. Then he puffed once upon the pipe and offered it to Father Carey. The priest puffed once in turn, returned the pipe and waited for the ancient medicine man to speak.

The words of Cloud Dancer came huskily, with effort, as if the old man had not used his voice for all the two months of his volunatry exile. "My son, I know who you are and why you are here. Your heart is big, the warm Spirit Light shines in your eyes. I am grateful for your kindness in worrying about an old man, but it is no use — the white man's island is not for me. Long have I fasted and prayed for deliverance, and now *Wakon Tonka* has opened a trail for me. By the time this fire has burned into ashes, I shall be in the Spirit Land with all the great people of my tribe who have gone before me."

Father Carey replied in Sioux, choosing his words carefully: "My friend, life and death are in the hands of God; no man is privileged to will his own death. A way will be found for you to live out the rest of your life among the white men. Come in to the Fort with me and I will arrange it."

Cloud Dancer turned his eagle-plumed head and looked full at the priest for the first time since the white man had entered his lodge. Father Carey was startled at the sudden fire that blazed in the black eyes deep-sunk in the masklike face. His bony fingers touched his splendid robe in expressive irony. "What would you do with an old Indian — a lifelong Dweller on the Prairie? Dress him up in white man's clothes; take away his fine buckskin clothes and elk-tooth necklace and give him a woolen shirt and a shiny tin medal in exchange? Have him become silly and stupid trying to follow the white man's road in his old age? Teach him to forget his Great Spirit that lives in the air and water about him and pray to the white man's far away God? Expect him to forget the broken treaties, the hundreds of my people that starved to death when the white hunters destroyed the buffalo? The hundreds more that died of the white man's diseases? No, my son, such foolishness can never be for Cloud Dancer!"

Outside the lodge, long blue shadows crept across the narrow valley. High on the rimrock a coyote wailed — first soloist in the nightly concert soon to begin.

Father Carey shivered. Mysterious forces vibrated in the smoky, fragrant dimness of the *tipi;* suddenly the young priest was unsure after all that he knew what was best for this ancient, barbaric mystic who spoke so calmly and certainly of dying within the hour.

"I-I suppose you're right. Living at the Fort or even at the Mission would be a great change for you. But this talk of dying is all pagan nonsense. I will leave this sack of meat with you — all you need is food and you'll feel fine again. I'll bring more next week ..."

"Listen, Black Robe! Long ago a great prophet of my nation fortold the coming of the white man, the slaughter of the buffalo and the defeat and disgrace of the Lakotah Nation. The prophecy is now fulfilled; I have no desire to live in the bad days to follow. These bad days I have seen clearly in a vision, with Indian turned against Indian at the white man's bidding. There is no place in these bad days for a holy man. The strange and terrible ways of the *Wasicus* can never be mine. I have lived eighty snows within sight of *Paha Sapa*, the sacred Black Hills of my people. Often have I gone into its secret valleys to fast and pray. Now

(continued on page 53)

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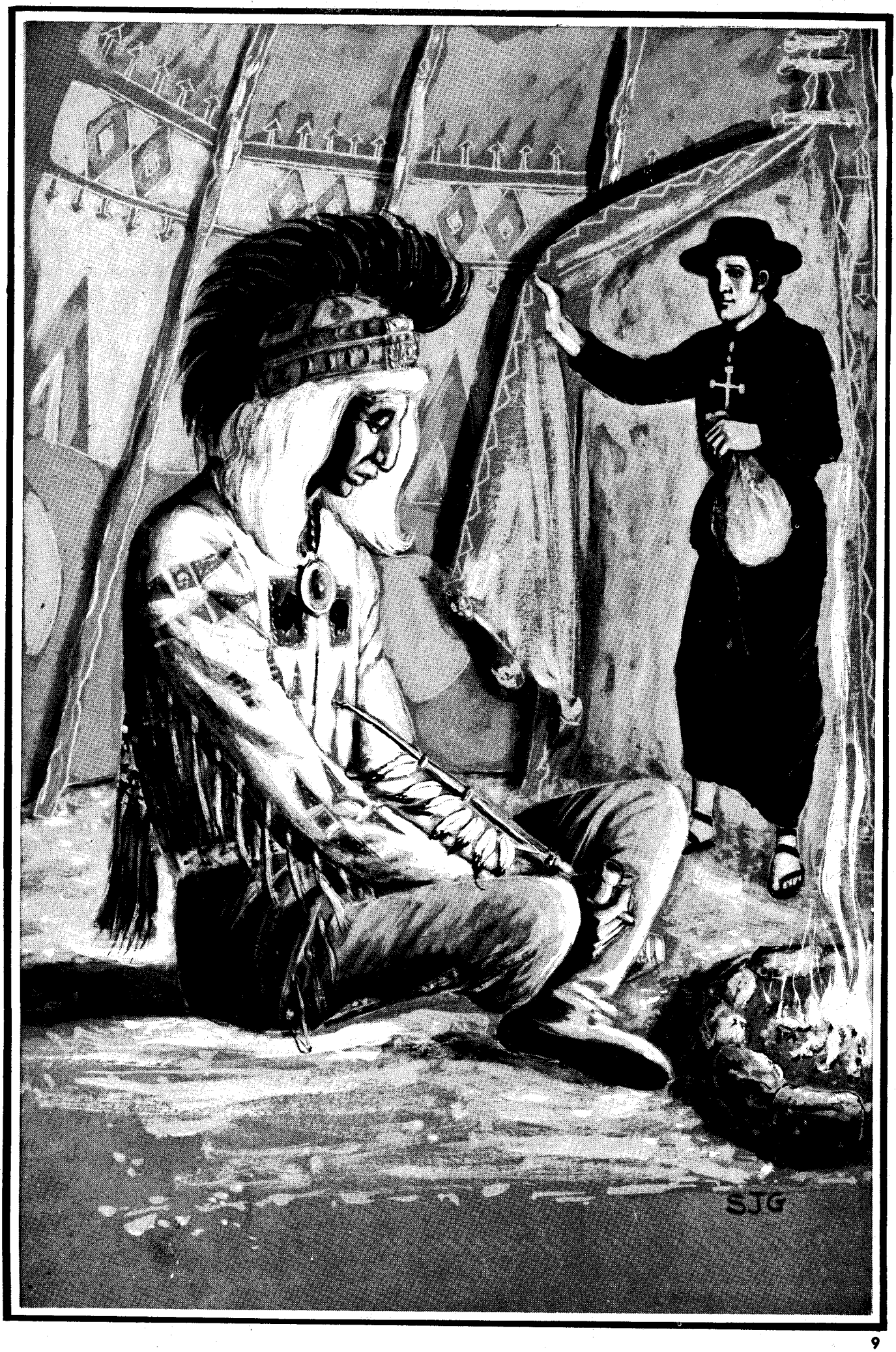

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COVER STORY

By Maurice Kildare

BLOODY

From author photo collection

Navajo War Chief Manuelito.

When the thirty Comanche horse thieves raced out of the shadows under the hunter's moon, they ran off eighty fine horses belonging to the Navajo tribe led by Manuelito. This was the beginning of one of the most dramatic running battles in the history of the West.

Comanche raiders plunged from concealment under a full moon with a dark red ring around it. But a full, bright moon was their favorite time for stealing livestock.

Thirty raced into the lush meadows almost under the shadows of Black Rock. On the run without pause but spreading, they drove out eighty fine horses and continued speeding north.

As they neared the edge of timber lining the meadows, a lone Navajo raised up from the ground and sent an arrow at them. The outside riding Comanche turned in his saddle and fired a muzzle-loading rifle. The Navajo dropped to the ground, dead.

The savage raiders swung on a slant west to ascend Defiance Plateau. They must get around Fort Defiance in the valley of Bonito Wash without being discovered. Soldiers were stationed there.

When they came off Defiance Plateau into a large valley, they found more Navajo horses grazing under the blood-red ringed moon. With time to select the best animals, the Comanches, the best horsemen of the Great Plains, took half of them and kept going.

Originally with a tipi encampment on a trading expedition to Taos, a group of the youngest and very bold warriors decided to sneak through New Mexico villages west of the Rio Grande River into Navajo Indian country. The Navajos were known to have good, fast racing horses. These could be trained for hunting buffalo, the Comanches believed. So the young braves set forth to acquire some.

Their plan succeeded for far, but in the upper end of the valley above Defiance Plateau they came suddenly onto a

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COMANCHE MOON

community cluster of hogans. The racket of running horses caused a pack of mongrel dogs to start barking. Navajos were aroused from their sleep on sheep pelts and came outside to investigate. By that time the raiders were well past with the stolen horses.

Seven Navajos made a sprint for their horses which were hobbled on grass close to the hogans. Within minutes they were in the saddle and riding hard. Believing the thieves to be Mexicans, they cut out of the valley east towards a mountain pass in which direction they would be sure to try escaping.

They were in approaches to the pass when a large band of horses was seen coming up out of the night behind them. It was then that they discovered the raiders to be Comanches. This fact surprised them because that tribe of aliens roved several hundred miles east of their homeland, although they had been in Navajo country before. before.

Waving their robes in the air and shouting, the Navajos spread out and raced forward at the forefront of the horseherd. This long-used tactic of the tribesmen turned the herd back in what amounted to a wild stampede.

On the sides, Navajos had to dismount quickly and seek cover. The infuriated Comanches hurtled down on them. Navajo arrows were sent into them as fast as bow strings could be pulled.

Two Comanches fell dead out of their saddles, and several were wounded by the long shafts. Taken by surprise at this deadly defense by so few, the raiders wheeled aside and took out after the running horse herd in the opposite direction.

Far behind the cruel, thieving Comanches a holocaust boiled. The horses taken near Black Rock belonged to the war chief Manuelito. Among them was his fast and favorite race horse, a dark red bay gelding appropriately named "Racer."

The shot that killed the Navajo guard in the meadow that August midnight of 1855 aroused a second one sleeping in the tall grass. When the horse herd thundered on quickly, he ran hard on foot for Manuelito's hogan to report the raid. The alarm was immediately sounded, and while more warriors were arming themselves and getting mounted, the angry chief took off in pursuit with the first five to join him.

Manuelito also thought the thieves were Mexicans who came often into Navajo country west of the Chuska Mountain with large expeditions. They were after plunder in livestock and prisoners to be sold into slavery.

He guessed accurately that the thieves would avoid Fort Defiance and then streak for a mountain pass eastward.

Accordingly he took up Bonito Greek, by-passing the slumbering fort in the early morning hours, and headed for Washington Pass. On emerging from the thick forest towards the pass, many running horses could be heard thundering along in the distance. The echoes faded quickly but dust raised by many hooves remained visible in the moonlight, clinging in the air.

Behind Manuelito and his few warriors a dozen others had been racing to catch up. They joined, and on reaching the valley they found the Navajos who had courageously turned the stolen horse herd back. The two groups went into consultation.

From author photo collection

A typical Comanche Indian. Individual pictured above is unknown.

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On learning that the thieves were Comanches, Manuelito reasoned, "They will now try to go through by Beautiful Mountain and on north across Old Age River (the San Juan) into Ute country."

The Navajos sped north on a straight line parallel to the Chuskas. Manuelito was most anxious to get Racer back. Just at daylight, they were forced to halt to let the horses rest and graze. Lookouts were sent to the nearest high points.

"They will have to stop the herd," Manuelito declared. "Otherwise the horses will not travel fast later in the day. The Comanches are crafty horse thieves and know this. Therefore they will have halted before this time."

Dawn came with a yellow glow over the eastern mountains before the great ball climbed into the sky. The Navajos immediately began getting restless for action. A white man's hour later, a spy-lookout signaled that the stolen horse herd had come into sight directly west.

Quickly Manuelito and his warriors mounted, waiting only until the lookouts joined them on the run. Since the horse herd was still a considerable distance away, the chief decided to oppose the Comanches farther out in more favorable terrain. In reaching the foothills first, the raiders could turn around them.

The Navajos, still undiscovered by the Comanches, came into flat canyon country (Steamboat Canyon) where there were many pale yellow standing rocks. An ideal place for an ambush. Scattering, they went into hiding.

While crossing a stretch of desert west, the horse herd signaled its approach by raising yellowish dust against the sky.

Now with the sun well up, the refreshened horses were coming so fast that Manuelito decided against trying to turn them back on their tracks; it probably couldn't be done easily. He sent the best bowmen up into the high rocks on each side of the passage through which they must come.

The thunder of drumming hooves echoed in the air before the first horses came into sight. On each side of the point and ahead of them were four Comanches.

Bowmen held extra arrows between their teeth. On the barking of a dog, the sound created by Manuelito, they began loosening the long shafts tipped with sharpened iron. So swiftly did they string them that a third arrow was on the way before the first ones whacked into the Comanches.

One Comanche on the point threw his arms wide, toppling from the saddle, screaming in dying pain. A second went down, dead at the same instant. A third fell near him.

Rampaging, riderless horses suddenly spurting back on the herd caused the horses to halt in confusion. Milling only briefly, the herd suddenly and unexpectedly stampeded back west.

The crash of powder firearms drove the herd faster. In sheer desperation the raiders shot at the surrounding high rocks where they believed the deadly bowmen to be.

The range for arrows grew too long as the Comanches took after the horse herd. Obviously they were still determined to hold onto them. In less

From author photo collection

Steamboat Canyon where the Comanche raiders were hurled west by Manuelito's warriors.

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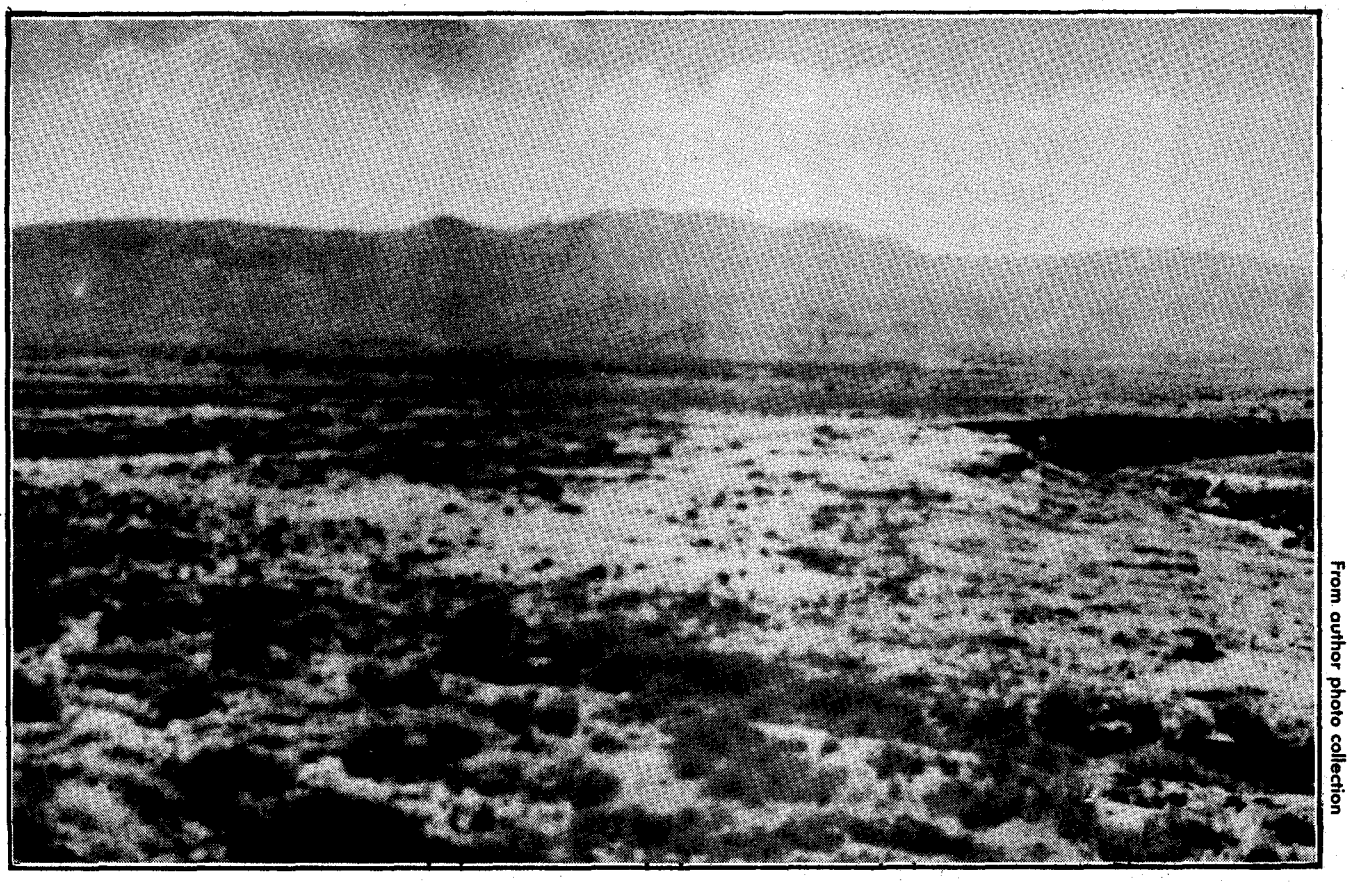

From author photo collection

The Chuska Mountains on the Arizona-New Mexico border.

than three minutes they were gone from sight.

As Manuelito collected his warriors into one group again, a dust cloud drifting in the air was watched for progress of the raiders. But it soon ended in grass flats. The saddled horses of the slain had run on with the herd. The dead lying on the ground were inspected but no scalps taken.

Anxious to recover Racer and the other horses, Manuelito insisted that the pursuit be continued. Stringing out north, the Navajos planned to throw another block before the raiders.

Trying to guess which route they would take through the mountains east, Manuelito dropped off lookouts to watch from high places. Each immediately prepared a signal fire, sure the raiders would be spotted quickly.

Midday came and passed into a waning afternoon, with no sign of the Comanches having been detected.

Summoning in the lookouts, Manueltio told them, "They may have dodged back behind us and gone through Raiders' Pass (Washington Pass)."

Riding hard, the Navajos reached the pass trail near sundown. No sign existed that the horse herd had been driven through. There was nothing to do now except turn back and begin the slow process of overhauling the Comanches by ground sign.

No food had been brought along. Three Navajos rode worn-down horses, so Manuelito sent them home. He led the remainder west to a community of hogans where friends lived.

Reaching there about midnight, he bought and butchered five sheep. While some meat roasted, women made fried bread. Manuelito bartered for extra bread and salt.

When the Navajos had eaten, food was packed on saddles and Manuelito pointed north. A rest halt was made before daylight. At sunup more mutton was roasted. On their way again, near midday they met a Navajo family riding south. They reported crossing a wide trail of unshod horses going west.

Hurrying on, Manuelito led his warriors onto the trail by midafternoon. Back tracking a short distance, he satisfied himself the trail had been made by the raiders. He was surprised they were now driving away from the nearest escape route out of Navajo country.

Following the trail hard to near sundown, they reached the site where the raiders halted long enough to cook a meal. One of the young horses had been killed and the meat roasted in firebeds.

The trail was followed for five miles farther before Manuelito held up, afraid of losing it in the night. The moon did not rise for several hours and was again ringed dark red.

Manuelito said, "Either a bad storm is coming up or it is the omen of a bloody fight to happen soon."

By aid of bright moonlight the Navajos continued over the wide trail. When the moonlight faded, they were within sight of the high mesas on which the Hopi villages perched.

Eating before daylight, Manuelito continued on. The Comanches had gone under a mesa wall where the horse herd had been allowed to graze. Riders ascended the trail into Chimopovy village. A number of men on foot had returned with them but rode horses back to the village.

Taking eight men, Manuelito entered Chimopovy. The Hopis talked readily. They had traded mutton, corn, melons and piki bread for six horses. The Comanches had inquired about the country on the west and north, stating that maybe they could trade horses to Indians in Utah and Colorado.

By this Manuelito realized that the raiders were taking the long escape route. Probably they figured on getting rid of most of the horses before

(continued on page 56)

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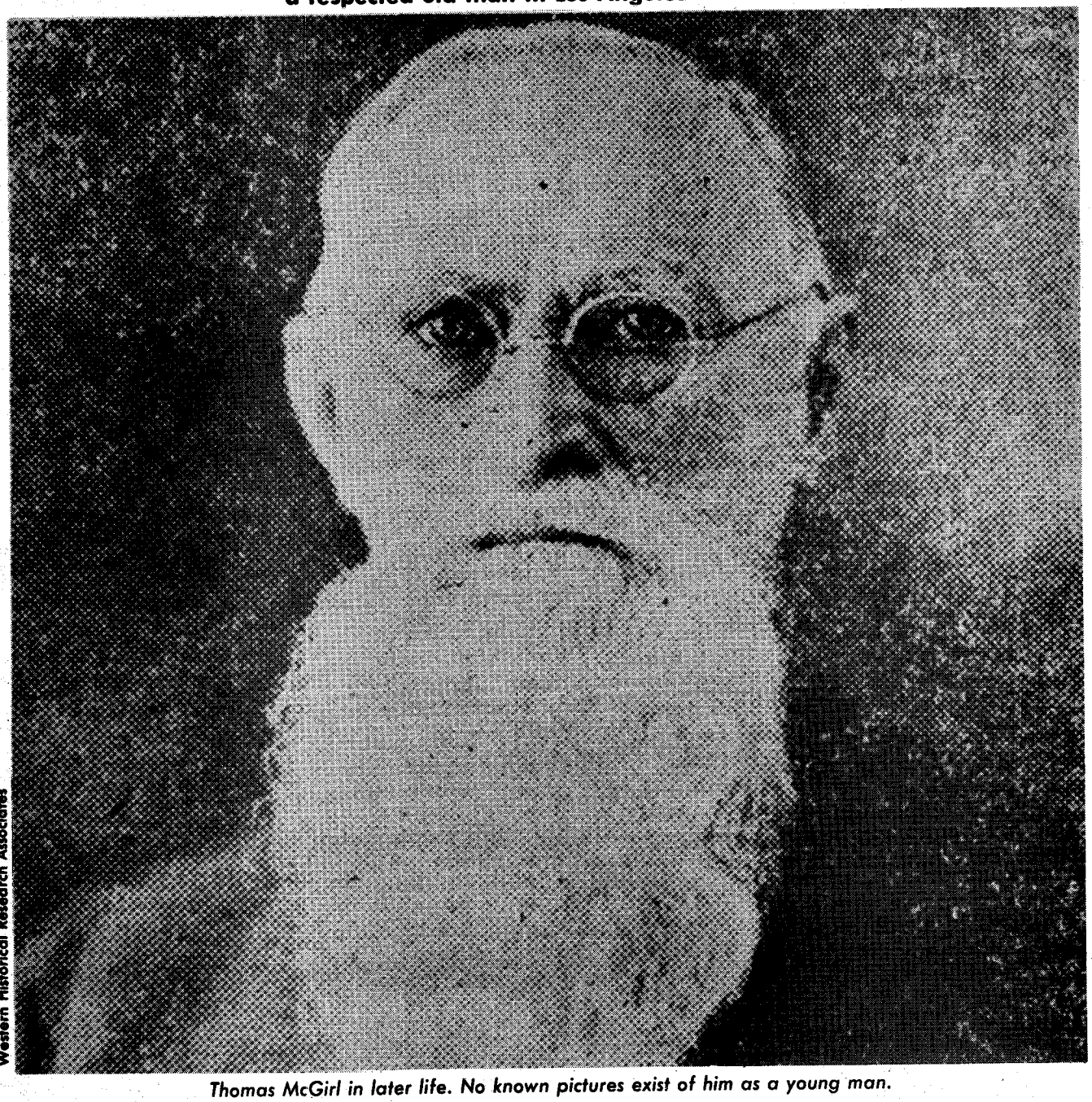
NO GIRL WAS McGIRL

By Rex Bundy

Born in Ireland, Thomas McGirl was a teamster in the Far West during the Civil War and one of the hardy souls who pioneered in Montana while the Indians still considered it their 'turf'. He lived through good and bad times and was a respected old man in Los Angeles in 1930.



Western Historical Research Associates

Thomas McGirl in later life. No known pictures exist of him as a young man.

There are no monuments to this man — no biographies praising him as a glorious pioneer. All that remain are a few scattered articles in various old newspapers that are long forgotten and out of print, plus of course, the reminiscences of the persons who knew him. But from these few articles that have appeared in print, plus the memories of many who knew him well, materializes a picture of what might well be called a "revolving man" — a man any way you looked at him! An example of the courage and the will of the "little people", who were the backbone of the western expansion of this nation.

Thomas McGirl's antecedents are not too well known, as he was very reticent about his early life. It is known he was born in Ireland and came to this country with his parents while still a very small child. His early childhood was a series of westward moves made by his parents with the hope of bettering themselves. He was, though, one of

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the very few Montana pioneers who did not claim to be a veteran of the Civil War. He also admitted he spent the war years as a teamster operating out of Missouri to western towns and forts on the Santa Fe Trail, with an occasional side trip into Colorado on the Smoky Hill Trail.

He had his share of Indian skirmishes on both the Santa Fe and the Smoky Hill Trails, and also during the construction of the Union Pacific railroad. And during its construction, he killed his share of the buffalo consumed by the construction crews but never received the accolades given Willan F. Cody. McGirl was never after fame, but he definitely had his eye on fortune.

Unlike most teamsters, McGirl did not haunt the dives and saloons, telling about his narrow escapes while drowning his fear of the next trip with "forty-rod" whiskey. He saved his money, minded his own business, and made very few friends among the men of the frontier not through timidity, but because he thought most of them a worthless lot.

When news of the Custer debacle became known, McGirl was a teamster for Salisbury and Company, who had a contract to deliver supplies to the Army in Montana Territory. And after the truth became known that Custer and all his men had been wiped out, the supplies were doubled in quantity and then tripled in order to take care of the large number of troops that were enroute to avenge the defeat of the 7th Cavalry. Orders were issued from Army Department heads and from Washington, D.C. to punish the Indians, and severely, for having the audacity to protect their lives and their homelands.

While freighting Army supplies, McGirl saw, for the first time, the rolling prairies, coulees and ravines of eastern Montana and visualized the day when this region, with grass belly-deep to a horse, would furnish its share of meat for our nation. He also saw the mining camps of Montana Territory, but these held no appeal to him. But it was at one of the mining camps that he became acquainted with a man who had similar ideas. Eleven months after the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Thomas McGirl and Oscar Hoskins were building a combination stage station and trading post on the Bozeman-Bismarck stage route.

It was in the heart of a vast and lonely land inhabited only by buffalo, antelope, elk and wolves, the wolves being being four-legged and two-legged. Soldiers were in a minority, and Fort Keogh was still in the process of being constructed. These were the only buildings between Bozeman, Montana Territory, and Bismarck, Dakota Territory, with the exception of Thorough Countryman's small trading post at the mouth of the Stillwater River. Perry McAdow had a sawmill under construction at what was later called Coulson. He also constructed a few buildings at that site which were later moved to the new town of Billings with the arrival of the railroad.

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Harriet Fenn Sanders, wife of Wilbur F. Sanders.

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Wilbur F. Sanders and Captain Grant Marsh. Both were frequent visitors at the McGirl and Hoskin's post. This photo was taken later in their lives.

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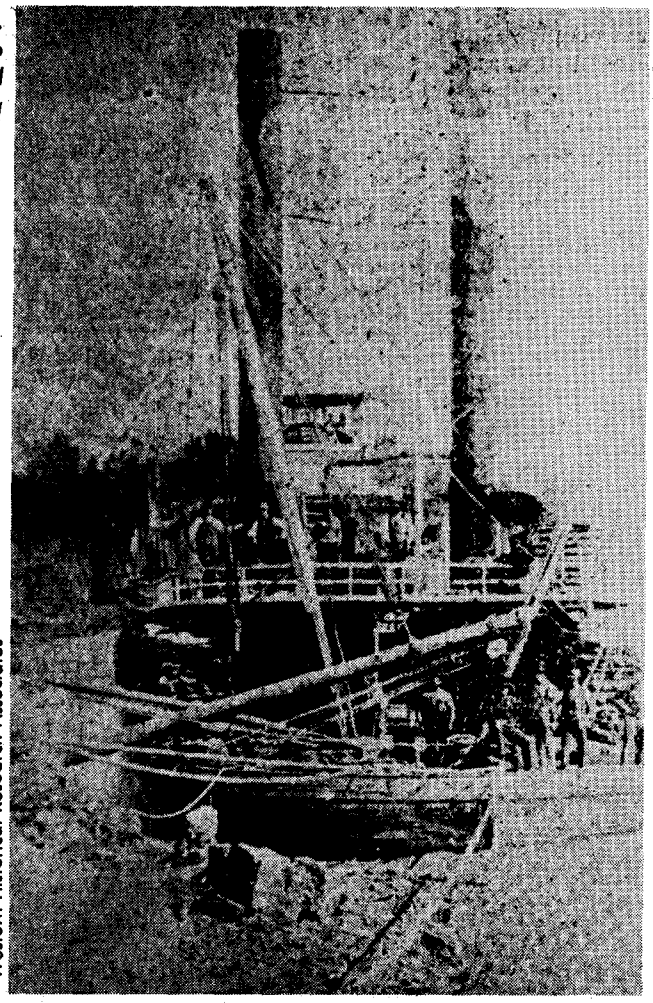

The steamboat F. Y. BATCHELOR tied up at the site of McGirl and Hoskin's trading post.

Western Historical Research Associates

Even though assistance of any sort was not available other than two squawmen and their families, McGirl and Hoskins built their post on the site of the so-called Baker Battlefield. Here in 1873, Colonel Eugene "Piegan" Baker nearly lost his complete command to the Sioux while in a drunken stupor. Had it not been for his subordinate officers, the command would have been wiped out and there would gave been two "Baker Massacres" in Montana history.

During the early stages of building, McGirl did most of the hunting to keep the construction crew, himself, and Hoskins and his wife in meat. Even though the country teemed with game, McGirl was not always successful, as the buffalo preferred the country north of the Yellowstone River, and one man alone in that region, where countless war parties of Sioux, Crow, Assiniboine and Piegan fought each other, was fair game for any and all tribes. So his partner, Oscar, started accompanying him on the hunts.

On one occasion they located a herd of buffalo over twelve miles from the site of the trading post and downed a fat cow. As they were skinning it, Hoskins remarked, "Don't look now, Mac, but we got company. Too damned much company to my way of thinking. There's a whole passel of Indians on the next ridge and more joining them all the time. Looks to be about twenty or twenty-five of them, and no women."

McGirl continued skinning, and without raising his head, said, "If there's only twenty or twenty-five of them, we got them outnumbered. You got a Spencer — I got a Spencer! That's fourteen shots there, and each of us has a Navy Colt and the two of them are good for ten shots more, and if we cain't beat that last damned Indian to death with our rifles, then we got no business in this country!" With that, he straightened up and looked around at the massed Indians.

"Hell!", he snorted, "that's old Running Rabbit. He's a Piegan and friendly. We got nothing to worry about even if they're on the warpath; you can bet it isn't white men they're after but probably Crow horse thieves. You remember old blowhard Johnston telling us about Cash and Pack Hubbard that has the trading post in the Big Dry country? The one he was fronting for with those two Canadian partners, Eyl and McCabe, who had a post on the Saskatchewan River called the E-M Post.

He also fronted for them at another post over northwest around the Duck Lake country somewhere, or in the region the Piegans call, The Valley of The Chiefs. Guess Hubbard's wife, Fawn, was killed near that post by the Pend d'Orielles along in 1872 sometime. She was old Running Rabbit's daughter. I met Hubbard a couple of times in Fort Benton, Hell, that guy coming now is Hubbard, so I know we ain't got a thing to worry about now."

One man had detached himself from the crowd of Indians and was nearly to the two men when McGirl and Hoskins saw the Indian women and children coming over the ridge with their travois, and the horse herd following.

As McGirl had said, the man was C. P. Hubbard who was accompanying his father-in-law on one last hunt before he returned to the States. Hubbard told the two men to leave the rest of the work to the women and asked if they would like to accompany the Indians on a hunt. Both men accepted gladly and returned to the post three days later with five pack horses of meat. Three of the pack horses were furnished by Running Rabbit who said he would get them later as he would be in to trade in the spring.

One evening, during their hunt with the Indians, Oscar Hoskins could contain himself no longer and said to McGirl, "Running Rabbit! Now that's a hell of a name for a Piegan warrior although I know Indians have some funny names. I wonder how the old coot came by it?"

"I heard the story once, but can't recall who told me," answered McGirl, "but it seems he got it on his first war party when he was about fifteen or so. He was called Eagle Tail before that, but went on a war party against the Assiniboine, Cutthroats is what the Piegans called them, and the whole war party was ambushed. Guess they felt sorry for old Running Rabbit as he was just a younker at the time, so they stripped him and turned him loose somewhere over around old Fort Union.

Oh, he made it home to the Bear (Marias) River valley all right and also picked up a couple of other Piegans who had been in a fight with the Crees up around the Sweetgrass Hills. Both of them were in pretty bad shape, one with a broken leg and the other with an arm nearly blowed off by one of those soft lead bullets from one of the old trade fusils. Neither of them had weapons either, but the three of them managed on the

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leavings of the wolves as long as the buffalo herd stayed in their vicinity. But one morning the herd was gone, so old Running Rabbit kept the three of them alive by running down jack rabbits that they ate raw. Of course, when they got home, he was a hero to the people and they tacked that name on him and he's damned proud of it."

On their arrival at the post after hunting with the Indians, both men were introduced to "Muggins" Taylor, who had gained some renown in Montana Territory as the first white man to take the news of the Custer debacle to the town of Bozeman.

At that time, Taylor was between 40 and 50 years old, big-framed, stalwart, a dead shot, and an Irishman as was McGirl. Taylor helped them for a few days and then suggested that he be hired as hunter for the station. This was readily seconded by Hoskins as there was an enormous amount of work yet to be accomplished before the onset of winter. The two squawmen had scarcely done a tap of work while McGirl and Hoskins were gone, and it seemed one or the other would have to be right on the spot to get anything accomplished. In the position where, you might say, they could plant a boot in the appropriate spot to keep the two squawmen moving and expedite the building. So Taylor was hired and remained in their employment for the next three years.

"Muggins" never tired of telling about his wild ride to take the news of the Custer fight to Bozeman, and would repeat the story at every opportunity. One night, after he had repeated the story for the umpteenth time, McGirl questioned it. He asked Taylor how he got to Bozeman. Taylor was amazed!

"Yu sit there and heard me tell that story time after time!", he yelled, "whadda yu mean — how'd I git to Bozeman?"

"Yes", replied McGirl, "I've heard your story time after time, and each time you've made it a point to say you crossed the Bighorn River four times getting away from the Indians. The way I count, you're still on the wrong side of the damned river two years later!"

By 1879 the McGirl and Hoskins station was known all over Montana Territory, and far to the east. Eastern "pilgrims" spread the word of the wonderful meals and comfortable lodgings provided through the help of Mrs. Hoskins, who developed a reputation as one of the best cooks in Montana Territory. There were always people stopping at the station as a result. It was not uncommon for a U. S. Marshall to come through on the stage with a prisoner laden in chains and wearing an "Oregon boot", then stop over for two or three days to partake of the uncommonly good food. McGirl made it a point to see that each prisoner received the very same food as the officer. Many prominent Army officers stopped on their way to different Army points in the Territory, and many of these were accompanied by their wives who invariably insisted on a few days rest to recuperate from the rigors of stage travel. Many, if not all, were lured by the promise of good beds and better meals.

McGirl also had a trick horse at the station. It did not buck, nor was it mean in any manner. In fact, a child could ride it, providing said child was a good swimmer. But this horse took a lot of pomposity and bragging out of Army officers and other officious persons. Because any attempt to ride the horse had one inevitable result that furnished a great deal of amusement to the spectators, if not to the rider.

The first thing the horse did after being mounted and released from the corral was to get the bit in his teeth, dash headlong to the river bank and leap into the river — rider and all. It had a mania for swimming, to the dismay and discomfort of any rider. After one experience with this horse, the riders were always glad to take advantage of the other excellent horses owned by McGirl.

Wilbur F. Sanders, a frequent visitor at the McGirl and Hoskin post at the present site of Huntley, Montana.

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When the Texas trail herds started arriving in Montana Territory, numerous trail drivers tried to buy the horse from McGirl, but to no avail. He was a good cow pony, besides taking to the water like a duck, and would have been an insurance factor in any trail driver's string of horses for river crossings. McGirl, though, would not part with him, and the horse, with the appropriate name of "Duck", lived out his normal life span on McGirl's ranch.

With the establishment of a ferry across the Yellowstone River, the McGirl and Hoskins station became the crossroads of a vast territory extending in all directions. It also became a rendezvous for trappers, hunters and men who later became famous in Montana history. McGirl knew them all, and more important, they came to know McGirl.

Wilbur F. Sanders and his wife, Harriet, were frequent visitors at the post while traveling back and forth from the States to their home in Helena. On one occasion they were accompanied by Wilbur's sister, Serapta Sanders, who became prominent in the Montana school system as had her cousin, Lucia Darling, the first woman schoolteacher in Montana Territroy. Serapta Sanders recalled, and vividly, many of the incidents that occurred at the McGirl and Hoskins station. Some she witnessed, others were second hand and told to her by persons who were there.

"Liver-eatin' " Johnston was one character McGirl became well acquainted with. Johnston hunted hides for a time and sold them to McGirl and Hoskins. According to McGirl, Johnston would have done as well if he'd have stayed at home.

McGirl was also well acquainted with Curly, the Crow Indian who brought the first news of the Custer debacle, that is now known as the Battle of the Little Bighorn, to Captain Grant Marsh who had the steamboat, *Far West,* anchored at the mouth of the Little Bighorn River. According to McGirl, all Curly ever learned to say in English was, "lots of Sioux kill all white men", but after Curly had been East and was feted and talked to by many newspaper correspondents, he embellished his story through the assistance of Thomas LaForge, a man known as the "White Crow" in Montana Territory.

'In 1878 during the Nez Perce trouble, a small group of Looking Glass's worriors raided ahead of his line of flight. This advance guard swarmed down the valley of the Yellowstone, setting fire to haystacks put up by new settlers in the region. At Bill Brockway's stage station at Canyon Creek, several of the settlers had gathered for protection, but when they saw the Indians, they all headed for the brush. It was time for the stage to arrive and Brockway stayed at his post.

The stage came in sight from the east almost at the same time the Nez Perce appeared in the west, but the stage beat them to the station. With the driver's help, Brockway cut the horses loose, grabbed the lone passenger by the arm and he, driver and passenger hightailed it for the brush. The Nez Perce arrived and rode up and down in front of the line of brush where they had seen the white men disappear and dared them to come out and fight. The white men didn't accept the challenge.

From the Brockway station, this advance guard of the Nez Perce went on to the present site of Billings, Montana, where they surprised and killed two men who were grubbing sagebrush for Joe Cochran. They then went on to Coulson, but the men there had thrown up a breastworks. The Nez Perce went as far as the road but did not attack, although they did burn a shack belonging to John Howard. They camped that night in the river bottom and the next morning turned back up river to meet the rest of the little band of Nez Perce.

According to McGirl, no one had the slightest idea the Nez Perce were anywhere in the neighborhood. Had the Indians continued down river, they could have killed every white man in the Yellowstone River valley.

It is now known that the Nez Perce whipped Sturgis at Canyon Creek, and the only reason Sturgis caught up to them was because the main body was waiting for their scouts to return. McGirl, in one of his infrequent interviews that was printed, claims this is the only reason Sturgis was able to get close enough to the Nez Perce except to see their dust on the horizon.

The first burial in what is now known as the Billings' "Boothill' was recalled vividly by McGirl because it happened the day the ferry cable broke and the ferry ran away with him. He managed to jump to a ledge on a bluff just below the ferry landing but was stranded there wet and nearly frozen. It was not until next morning that he was rescued, and even before this happened, Hoskins stood on the ferry slip and shouted across the river, "John Alderson killed Dave Currier." After relaying this bit of news, Hoskins and Ed Dunne found a boat and picked a very mad McGirl off his perch. Due to the high water and McGirl's threatening to beat hell

Western Historical Research Associates

Miss Serapta Sanders, whose memory held many incidents related to the McGirl and Hoskin's trading post.

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out of both men for not rescuing him sooner, it took the trio nearly all forenoon to row back up river against the current, and it was three weeks before the ferry was found and back in business.

After settling their differences on the return trip, Hoskins related the fatal happening to the half-frozen McGirl. It seemed Dave Currier had settled on some land but had failed to file the proper papers. John Alderson arrived and filed on land that took in part of what Currier claimed. Alderson was running a survey line to settle the dispute when Currier arrived and drew a revolver in an attempt to run a bluff. Alderson's wife came running with a rifle, and Alderson called Currier's bluff with one shot.

Currier had been a hide hunter and was selling his kill to McGirl and Hoskins. He had several hundred dollars to his credit, so the two men administered his estate. When Currier's affairs were settled, there was a small balance. McGirl and Hoskins could find no relatives, so this was used to place a headstone and a fence around Currier's grave on the hill above Coulson. This was the first of many graves in what is now known as Boothill. A few years later, a monument was erected out of native stone to mark the spot, and this monument stands there today.

The McGirl and Hoskins station was the highest point on the Yellowstone River reached regularly by river steamboats after the *Josephine's* trip to what is now present-day Billings, Montana. There was one exception, and this was a boat leased to the Northern Pacific railroad that was delivering supplies and steel for a bridge a few miles above their station.

Captain Grant Marsh, a famous Missouri and Yellowstone River steamboat captain, frequently stopped at the McGirl and Hoskins station. One time he ran over and broke the ferry cable. Everyone at the post waited with bated breath and great anticipation for the expected outburst from Captain Marsh, as he was noted for his scintillating, pungent speech each time anything went wrong aboard his boat. They were disappointed because Marsh had the bridge that day, and since it was his own fault, he put in for two days repairing and re-hanging the cable. This was a big chore without a stable platform, but that was furnished by his steamboat anchored in the middle of the river.

While the coming of the *F. Y. Batchelor* and its captain was always looked forward to by McGirl, he could not get along with the captain of the *Eclipse*, a sister ship. Once when this captain was about to leave, McGirl asked him to blow his whistle so that he, McGirl, would have time to lower the cable for the ferry. To lower this for any length of time caused it to gather river debris, and there was danger of this accumulating to the point where the debris' weight would break the cable.

"You'd better have the cable down because I've got a sharp axe," the captain replied to his request. To this McGirl answered, "And I've got a Sharp's rifle!" The captain gave the requested warning whistle without further argument.

McGirl and Hoskins never had the slightest Indian trouble at their trading post. They treated each band of Indians fairly, paid them a good price for their tanned robes and furs, and never tried to foster trade-whiskey off on them at any time. Sioux, Assiniboine, Crow and Piegan traded at various intervals without the slightest trouble between any of the tribes, even though all were hereditary enemies. McGirl had given them the word — if they started trouble in the vicinity of the post, he would never trade with them again.

Their last winter in business, 1879-1880, the two partners bought enough hides to ship half a steamboat load at one time on the *F. Y. Batchelor* on its first downriver trip to St. Louis, Missouri. And that same winter, Charles and Ed Newman, who were little more than boys but already mighty hunters, were paid $2100 in one lump sum for buffalo hides they sold to the firm. They received $1.00 per hide. These two boys hunted chiefly in the vicinity of the present site of Billings, Montana, and on Alkali and Five-Mile Creeks. McGirl recalled that it was a cold winter that year, and the two boys told him one of them would cook hotcakes and the other eat them as fast as they came from the skillet to keep them from freezing.

In 1881 McGirl and Hoskins sold out to Smith and Hagey and went into the cattle business. Smith and Hagey had a trading post near Fort Custer, but until the coming of the railroad in 1882, the old McGirl and Hoskins post remained one of the most important supply points in all of eastern Montana.

When the two men established their ranch north of the site of their old trading post, they bought a thousand head of cattle and brought them into a country where there was no other ranch within 50 miles. Nelson Story's ranch near present-day Big Timber, Montana, was the closest. That same year, the XIT cattle outfit brought a herd from Texas to the Tongue River country.

The McGirl and Hoskins ranch grew rapidly, but like others, they suffered great losses in the winter of 1886-1887. In 1885 they branded 1,100 calves. The spring following the big snow and extreme cold, they branded less than 500, and all of these did not survive.

The two men owned two different brands that were registered in the brand book of Montana Territory. These brands were the Slanting Bar/, and the Inverted V. Their stock, before the winter of 1886-1887, ranged the north side of the Yellowstone River from Railroad Creek to the present site of the city of Billings, Montana.

Thomas McGirl died September 10, 1930, in the city of Los Angeles. He died as he had lived on the wild prairies of Montana — respected and honored by all who knew him ●RW

Western Historical Research Associates

A typical trading post and stage stop of the late 1870's.

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

BUZZ BARTON

By Mario A. DeMarco

As a youngster, I attended many theaters on Saturdays and Sundays which featured western and other action pictures. There was one cowboy star that I always envied and admired. I admired him because he was a kid and a cowboy in the movies. I admired him because he was an expert rider and roper; he was a thin, freckle-faced, young boy by the name of Buzz Barton. This pint-sized whirlwind could trick ride and rope better than any two cowboys. Years later, in discussing this fact with other western fans, Buzz produced the same excitement in them as he had when they viewed his performances on the silver screen.

The unfortunate thing is that this youngster entered the film-making business at a time when talkies would soon come on the scene and the careers of many of the old-time favorites would come to an end. Had Buzz entered films a few years earlier, my prediction is that, with his great skill as a horseman and rope twirler, he would really have become a great western star.

Buzz was born in 1913 in Gallatin, Missouri and could ride practically before he could walk, like so many youngsters of his time. In order to move about, a youngster was taught to ride early in life. When he was 10 years old he was expert enough to enter the rodeos in Texas. In no time he was making the circuit, riding and roping in many of the leading rodeos and winning first prizes in cash and trophies.

In 1926 in Cheyenne, Wyoming a talent scout for F.B.O. Studios saw his performance and was greatly inpressed. At this time F.B.O. had a large corral of cowboy movie stars and was looking for more talent. The scout signed Buzz to a movie contract. It was at the time that young Buzz had won the title of "Champion Trick and Fancy Rider", quite an accomplishment for one so young, but appropriate enough to enter the movie business.

The following year Barton was starred in his first western, *The Boy Rider*, which was the first of a popular series in which he was to star. The picture was directed by Louis King, and it turned out to be a winner. The 13-year-old Barton was hailed as another Ken Maynard, Tom Mix and Fred Thomson, all rolled into one. The youngster had a winning smile and a good personality. His next picture was *The Slingshot Kid*, and was also directed by King, and the next one was *Wizard of the Saddle*, all of them fast-action pictures, and the young star spared none of his riding and roping talents. The fans began sending letters to the studio and thus was born a new "cowboy" star.

Some of his other pictures were *Pioneer Scout*, *Freckle-Faced Rascal*, and *The Little Savage*. But, as I mentioned before, Buzz had entered the business just before sound came along. Although he made the transfer to the new media successfully enough, his studio was forced to sell out because of the heavy expenses involved in order to change over to sound. Like some of the other studios which primarily featured westerns, they were forced to close their doors, and many of the western stars left the scene. F.B.O. was purchased by a new outfit and renamed R.K.O.

Buzz remained at the new studio and starred in a few more westerns, but without the proper buildup and publicity by the new studio, he was forced to become a "supporting" actor. He appeared with many of the other western stars, and jobs were plentiful for Buzz until he dropped out of the business in 1937, never to be seen on the screen again.

If he had remained for a few years, perhaps things would have been different, for the "B" westerns again reached their peak. Perhaps Buzz would have become one of the "trio" of cowboy stars, similar to the great "Three Mesquiteers", "The Rough Riders", "The Trail Blazers", "The Range Busters", or the "Texas Rangers", who were doing quite well at the time. With his great skill in riding and roping, I'm sure that he would have made any of these series a great success. All in all, he starred in over 20 action westerns. Although his bright career was short, the freckle-faced whirlwind left his mark on the movie western fans. ●RW

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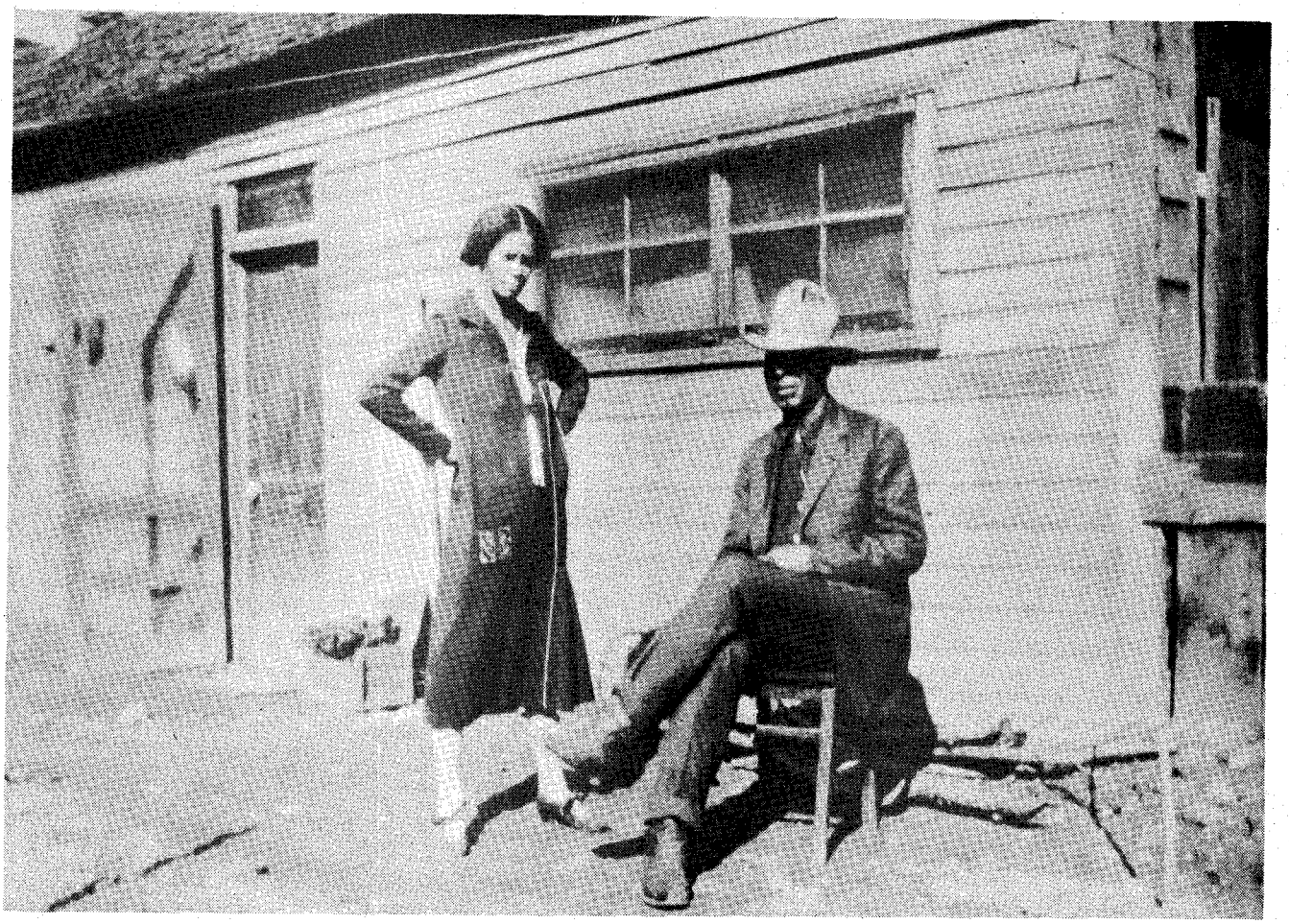
COVER STORY

CHARLEY GLASS

Charley Glass, half Choctaw and Cherokee and half black, had two strikes on him. His father, Dick Glass, had been accused of murder and six lawmen ambushed Charley Glass's father and shot him down.



From collections of the author

Charley Glass and an unidentified lady friend.

Like the manner of his violent death, much of Charley Glass's life remains a mystery. Even his highly-publicized 1921 gunfight with a Basque sheepherder in Utah was witnessed by only one person, and that man disappeared soon afterwards. Although Charley was acquitted in the second-degree murder trial that followed, his was the only account of the duel. If Charley confided in anyone, only bits and pieces of his life pattern ever surfaced.

Charley had plenty of reasons to become an outlaw. Born in Indian Territory, his mother was Choctaw and Cherokee; his father, Dick Glass, was a black man with a price on his head. As many as six deaths were credited to the senior Glass, and he was on wanted lists across all of Oklahoma. He was shot down like a mad dog when an informer told of his whereabouts; six lawmen waylaid him at a bridge. Rather than haul his body to town for the bounty, they cut off his head. The gory prize, carried in a gunny sack, was presented as proof of Dick's death. Among Charley's effects was a pocket-creased, travel-stained photo of the hunters' grisly trophy.

Charley knew how to handle a gun. Because, during the years he worked for Oscar Turner on the Lazy Y Cross, he was never seen without the familiar .38 Colt automatic in a shoulder holster, he was labeled "gunman", imported to drive sheep interests out of the country. But men who knew him when he first appeared in Western Colorado scoff at the tale.

"I was a kid of 13 or so when Charley came to work for the biggest outfit on Pinyon Mesa, the S Cross," said Ellery Burford of Fruita, Colorado. "It was in 1909. He was a bronc buster, and a good one. He'd ride the rough string — the horses no one else wanted to fool with."

Another Fruita resident, Don Weimer, knew Charley

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Black Cowboy Man Of Mystery

By J. R. Kirkpatrick

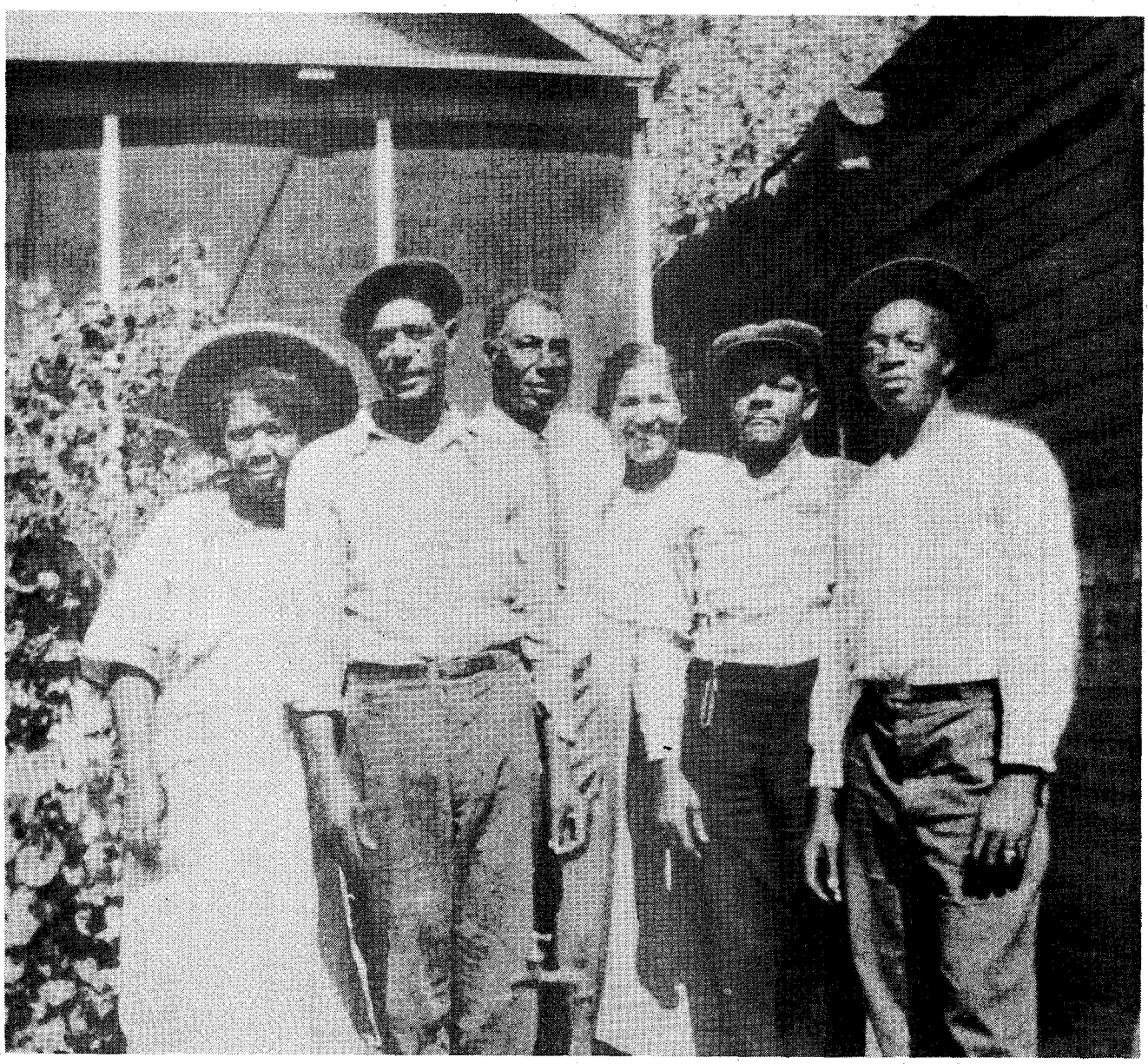
during his Pinyon Mesa days, and his recollections are similar to Mr. Burford's. Both men agree that Charley didn't carry a gun then. "We'd have noticed — in those days any youngster would have spotted a holstered sixgun."

Charley rode into Colorado on a cattle train, and a rumor soon followed that he'd killed a man in Oklahoma. Although the story persisted, there was never proof that he was running from the law. He went to work near Pueblo for the Thatcher outfit, who had cattle interests in several states. The Thatchers owned the S Cross, and Charley was transferred to the west side of the mountains. Working for Johnny Mock, the cattle foreman, he became a part of the ranch's ten-man crew on Pinyon Mesa.

Mr. Weimer has a vivid memory of his first meeting with Charley Glass. "I was about 14, riding in the spring roundup and that day I was on a roan I couldn't control. He'd been bucking off and on since morning, and I was worn out trying to settle him down. The horse was smart enough to know I didn't have the strength to handle him, and he nearly spilled me several times.

"Near Thompson, Utah — the roundup started as Green River — I met the S Cross desert wagon, and Charley was riding with it."

Although there were other adults who saw the plight young Weimer was in, it was Glass who gave assistance. "That horse gettin' you pretty tired, sonny?" he asked.



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Charley Glass and friends during a visit to Oklahoma. Charley is third from left.

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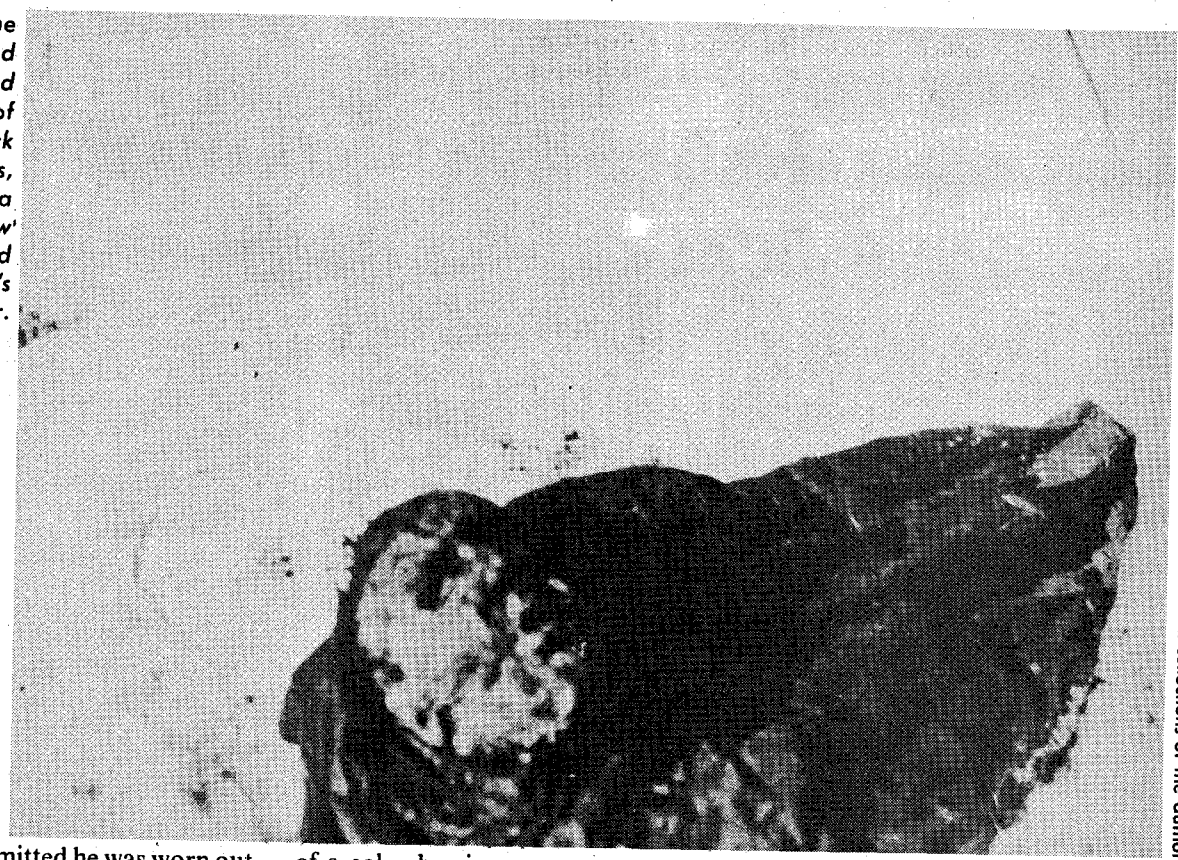

The decapitated head of Dick Glass, Oklahoma outlaw and Charley's father.

From collections of the author

Weimer admitted he was worn out.

"Why don't you let me ride 'im awhile?"

Charley mounted the roan, and when his head went down to buck, the black cowboy tapped his nose with the branding iron he carried.

"It didn't take much of that treatment to cure the roan," Weimer related. "Charley rode him for me for a couple of hours, and when I got on him again he was well-gentled."

Both Fruita men had more to say about Charley. He did more than his share of the work. He wasn't "pushy", and he always waited at the end of the grub line to fill his plate. Unless invited to join the others, he ate by himself, some distance from the cookfire.

When Glade Park — an area between the S Cross and the Utah line — was settled, the ranch lost much of its winter range and went out of business. Charley worked on Roan Creek, above DeBeque, for about four years, and in 1917 he was hired by Oscar Turner's Lazy Y Cross.

There, on a spread which grazed cattle in Western Colorado and Utah's Grand and Uintah Countries, he built a reputation for efficiency and loyalty. With Charley as range foreman, rustling dropped to a minimum; he was respected by both sheepherders and cattlemen. He worked hard and played hard, joining his bosses and the men who worked under him at card games and bull sessions. Never was there a hint of a color barrier.

A big man, Charley had the ease of movement, the erect carriage that marked a superb athlete. For years he rode broncs at rodeos and seldom finished out of the money. Although he often visited Thompson and Cisco for recreation, he kept a permanent room in Grand Junction, a few miles into Colorado. There, whenever he came to town, he'd change to a new Stetson, Pendleton trousers (he seldom wore levis on social occasions), high-polished boots, and a blue or white silk shirt, with a vividly-colored scarf at his neck. Then he'd "do the town" — gambling, drinking, and paying a call to the red light district, where he was a favorite of more than one Mexican girl. Sometimes spurred to overexuberance by too much liquor, he fought with other patrons or policemen sent to restrain him. But next morning, he'd cheerfully pay his fine and damages for furniture he'd wrecked. Neither the madams or their girls carried grudges against Charley.

Conflict with sheepmen, always smouldering near the surface, broke into open flame during the winter of 1920-21. The Turner ranches (there were three brothers: Oscar, Albert and Charles) that leased grazing land from both the government and the Utes found sheep on their range. Basque herders, who understood little English, couldn't read printed warnings of trespass; in blind loyalty to the Joe Taylor and William Fitzpatrick outfits, they pushed sheep where grass was good. When confronted by cowboys, the herders obediently trailed their sheep off forbidden lands, but they returned as soon as the cowmen departed. Yet the very appearance of Charley brought quick action to a wayward band of sheep and its herders.

February was two-thirds over when Gerrold Yaber, tending a Fitzpatrick flock, made camp on the wrong side of a quarantine line set by the federal stock inspector. To Charley Glass and Jimmy Warner, the sound of bleating animals exerted the pull of a magnet. They confronted the surprised Yaber.

"Your sheep are on Lazy Y range. Get 'em off!" Warner snapped. He drew his gun.

The Basque stood stockstill for a moment, not answering. Then, like a deer, he whirled and ran for the camp tent. But Charley was there before him and retrieved the rifle the herdsman wanted.

"Now we'll talk," said the range boss.

Yaber moved the sheep off Turner land.

But the fuse was lit. On February 24, another Fitzpatrick flock drifted into a canyon some four miles across the quarantine line. Felix Jesui, camp mover for Fitzpatrick, apparently didn't realize how near the Turner ranch he'd penetrated. Charley and another cowboy, returning home, heard the sounds of sheep.

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Remembering the other confrontation, Charley motioned for his companion to move onto the canyon rim.

Then, confident of a back-up gun if needed, Charley rode into the canyon. He dismounted about 50 feet from the herder. "You're over the line. Better turn those woolies around."

The Basque argued, but Glass stood firm. Finally Charley said, "All right, I'll get my boss and you get yours." As he moved to his horse, the herder yelled, then fired suddenly. Before the cowboy could draw his own gun, Felix fired twice more.

With the .38 bucking in his hand, Charley cut down his opponent, yet was himself untouched. The herder lay dead, a bullet through his head. At his side was a .25 automatic, empty; his fingers still clutched a cocked .30 caliber rifle with one empty shell. Charley had fired four times.

Oscar Turner called the County sheriff immediately. The lawman checked the evidence and took statements from Charley and the man who guarded with second-degree murder — but his companion at the shootout disappeared!

Bond for Charley was set at $10,000, which Turner paid. Trial costs, a considerable sum, also came from the rancher's pocket. But the range boss, who had filed on a homestead within Turner grazing land, offered to deed the place to his boss. "I want to pay my own freight," he said.

There were no empty courtroom seats during the trial. District Attorney Dalton's motion for a change of venue was denied, and cattlemen and sheepmen crowded into the little town of Moab on November 18, 1921. After a week of argument, the jury retired; in just two hours a "not guilty" verdict was delivered.

Charley returned to the Lazy Y Cross as though nothing had happened. When away from the ranch, he rode in rodeos, drank, gambled, and visited Grand Junction. Many times friends warned him the Basques would kill him, that he was involved in an old-country vendetta. But the range boss kept his own counsel and refused all offers of help. It wasn't unusual for him to sit across a card table from sheepherders — countrymen of Felix Jesui. Although he never sought trouble, neither did he sidestep it.

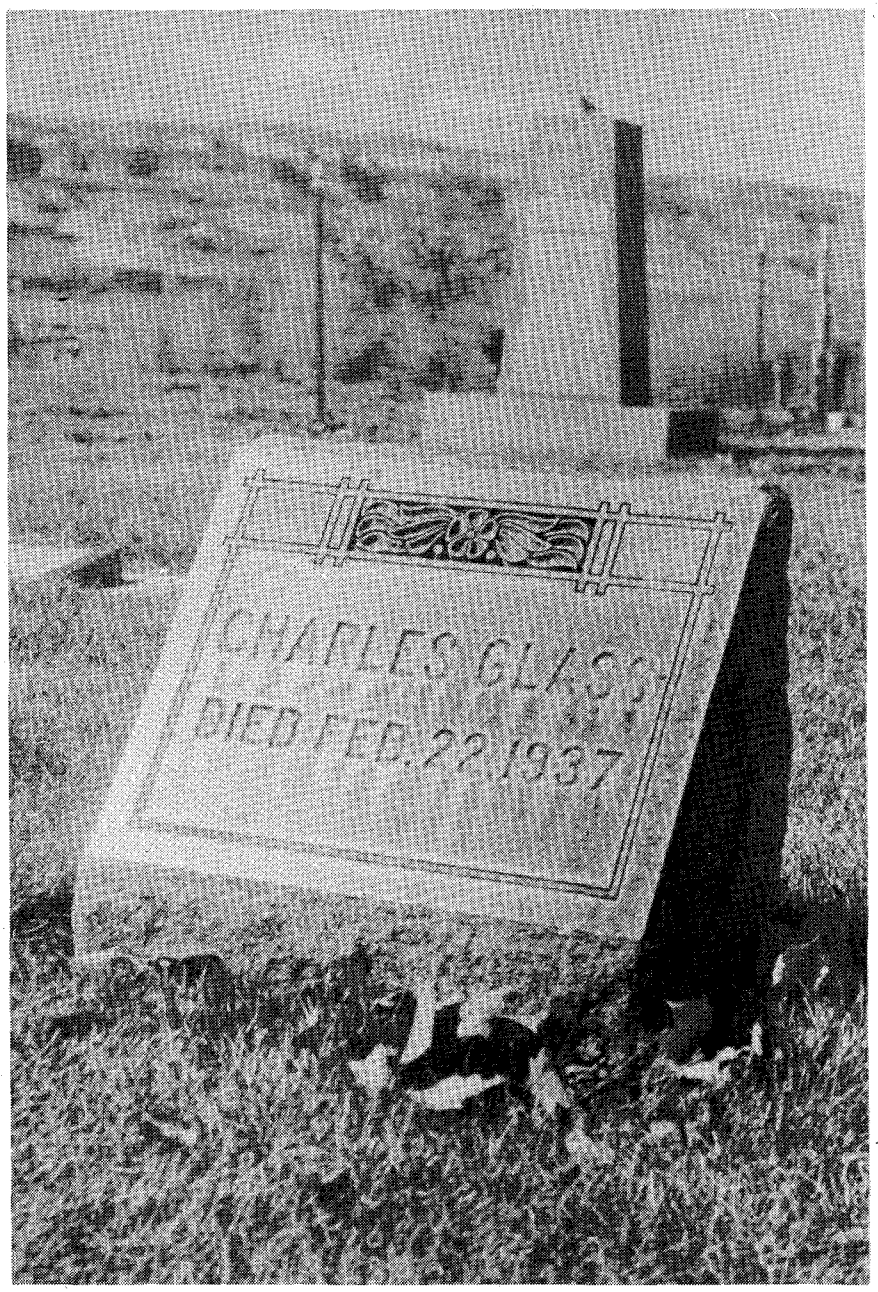
Cisco, Utah is almost a ghost town now. But during the 20s and 30s, it was a center for the sheep and cattle industry, as well as a major shipping point on the D&RG Railroad. Ellery Burford remembers witnessing some of the card games that occurred during sheep shearing.

"Charley wasn't a good card player, but he loved to gamble," Ellery related. "Sheep shearers made fast money, and there was always a tinhorn or two who traveled with them. Charley was in a game once when a gambler got clumsy."

Charley saw the attempt at dealing from the bottom of deck, but he didn't get excited. Casually pulling his revolver from its holster, he laid it on the table. "This game'll be on the squa-yah from now on," he said. And it was.

Bill Cunningham of Grand Junction, whose grandmother was a Turner, owns and operates the Lazy Y Cross now, Charley worked for Bill's father, Wallace Cunningham, for several years after Oscar Turner died. The black cowboy gave the same loyalty to his new employer he had given Turner, and a strong friendship grew between the two men. Bill's acquaintance with Charley was more than casual, although his memories are boyhood ones. He recalls one winter when Charley suffered from a bout of near-pneumonia. Wallace, with Bill a concerned observer, checked at the bunkhouse to see if Charley was better one morning. The sick man was hunched forward on his bunk, shoulders drooping, with his head in his hands.

"Mr. Cunnin'ham," he said



From collections of the author

Charley Glass' grave at Fruita, Colorado.

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From collections of the author

Cisco, Utah railroad station in the late 1920's. Charley Glass spent many a weekend here.

without changing position, "If I have another night like the last two, you better nail my black hide to the side of the barn."

Cunningham remembers, too, another incident with a Cisco gambler. "Charley returned to the ranch with a split lip," Bill said. "He told us he'd run into a door, but Dad learned the gambler slugged him for watching over his shoulder. This time, Charley wasn't armed, but he told the gambler he'd get his gun. 'Let's fight my way,' he told the man. The gambler couldn't get out of Cisco fast enough!"

Every winter, when ranching activities were fewer, Charley read "North of 36", a Western adventure story. It took him all season to get through it; he'd sit, usually with a cat on his lap, and form each word with his lips. He was fond of animals and always had a couple of cats and a dog. When he came to Cisco or Grand Junction on a spree, he took care of his horse before he began drinking.

Charley Glass was lucky with money once. A gas well was put down on his little spread by the Crystal Carbon Company, and he received $2800 for half his patch of sagebrush. He retired, temporarily. A trip to Salt Lake City cleaned him out and he returned to the Lazy Y Cross, broke, within a month. "Dollars is made round, so they'll roll," was a favorite expression of his.

Something in Charley's past made him cautious. When he socialized with men — especially strangers — he chose a position where his back was protected. Herb Johnston of Fruita, whose parents ran the cafe and hotel in Cisco for many years, told this incident:

Charley and a sheepman from Moab, Tom Taylor, bought a jug of bootleg whiskey to share. They hid it outside the Cisco pool hall and took turns slipping out in the darkness to take a nip. After lightening the jug somewhat on one occasion, Charley cached it again but though someone might have seen him. So he hid it in another spot and returned to the pool hall.

Taylor, going in search of a drink, couldn't find the whiskey. He stepped inside to look for Charley and saw him, his back half-turned, talking with Pat Dyer who ran the business. Tom walked to Charley, reached out his hand, and touched the cowboy on the shoulder.

Charley whirled, reaching for his gun so fast the buttons popped from his shirt like a rain of buckshot. He had the barrel buried in Tom's middle "up to the trigger guard" before he recognized Taylor. Sweat popped out on the black face.

"Don't ever do that again! You was lookin' at a hearse and six white horses. I almost pulled the trigger!"

Now Tom Taylor needed a drink — badly!

By 1937 Charley had slowed down. A fringe of white ringed his hair, and he no longer topped bucking horses. Somewhere between 65 and 70 — no one was certain of his age — he rode the grubline, stopping off at one ranch and then another as long as he was welcome. He'd seen the bottom of the bottle too often and was near to becoming an alcoholic.

On February 22, almost exactly 16 years after the duel with the herder, he was in a Thompson saloon. Among the players at the card table were two Basques, transients who moved fron sheep camp to sheep camp — Andre Sartan and Joe Savorna, believed to be cousins of Jesui. All the men were drinking; to them, whiskey and cards went together like coffee and cream. Offhandedly, one of the sheepmen mentioned a big game in progress at Cisco, some 20 ro 25 miles away. Charley needed little persuasion; he and the two Basques crawled into the sheepherders' pickup truck and drove away.

It was nearing one in the morning when the railroad station agent in Thompson had visitors. Sartan and Savorna, both with visible skin abrasions and dirt-streaked clothing, asked the agent to fetch a doctor. "Charley's bad hurt," they said

Summoned from his home, the doctor found Charley Glass sprawled in the bed of the pickup, dead of a broken neck. The weatherbeaten truck displayed fresh dents and gouges on its sides and cab. Testifying at the inquest, the herders told how the vehicle had gone off the road a couple of miles west of Cisco; it rolled three times, throwing Charley out. After righting the truck, the survivors placed the cowboy in the bed and returned to Thompson for medical help. They escaped with minor scratches and bruises.

"Accidental death" was the verdict. Charley was interred in the Fruita cemetery, a few plots away from the resting place of Oscar Turner, whom he had served so well. Pressure was applied to local officials, for the town charter forbade integrated burial.

Yet many questions scream to be answered — answers that could come only fron the grave. What caused the truck to crash on a straight section of road — a road neither icy nor muddy? If the Basques were responsible for Charley's death, why did they wait so long to take revenge? Why did Sartan and Savorna return to Thompson, when Cisco was less than two miles away? And why did Charley go with them in the first place? Although he'd been drinking, he was far from drunk, according to witnesses.

Another aspect of the affair needs an answer — what happened to Charley's back-up man when Felix Jesui met death? Who was responsible for his disappearance?

Charley Glass knew the answers, but he didn't talk. ●RW

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STAKING CLAIMS ON OPEN LAND

By Steven R. Munts

With the increase in gold prices in the past months, many people have been heading for the hills in search of the "yellow stuff". Although the price increase has stirred many an "old-timer's" interest, many novices have fallen victim to the gold fever. These newcomers may have heard of the 1872 Mining Laws, but they may not be aware of other laws pertaining to lode or placer mining and mining claims. These laws are just as applicable when one is searching for a lost mine as when one is prospecting for a new discovery.

Instructions on staking claims can be obtained from the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. In addition to Federal regulations, individual States also have certain requirements governing the locations of ming claims on public lands. Information on these requirements is available from the State agency that deals with mining. Mining claims can only be staked on public domain lands.

Lands in areas generally subject to location for mining, such as National Forests, may be open or closed depending on whether the land has been withdrawn for some special purpose. Land status may be checked at the Land Offices of the Bureau of Land Management or at the County Assessor's Office. The status of land being considered for mining should be established before any significant investment of money or labor is made. This will insure that the ground is open to location so that the prospector can stake a valid calim and protect his investment.

When entering any land to search for or attempt to mine placer or lode gold or other minerals, a person should determine if the land is privately owned, previously located by claims that may still be valid, or possibly held under patent, which conveys the right of private ownership. Under any of these conditions, the unauthorized intruder is trespassing and has no legal rights to the gold or other minerals he may produce. There is usually some indication of ownership, but one takes his chances when the status of the land is uncertain. Active claims should be clearly marked, and records may be checked in the respective County Courthouse to determine approximately where and when they were located.

The basic laws on location of mining claims in the public domain are contained in the General Mining Laws of 1872. Placer claims generally can be located on lands that would be classified as "locatable" if they contained vein or lode deposits. Neither the beds of navigable lakes and rivers nor lands below high tide are subject to mineral location. New claims can be located over abandoned earlier ones, although the new locator may be called upon to establish that the earlier claims were, in fact, abandoned at the time of relocation.

Laws pertaining to mining are discussed and best described in the U.S. Bureau of Mines publication "How to Mine and Prospect for Placer Gold" by J.M. West, from which the following is quoted:

"Public Law 167, enacted July 23, 1955, provides for multiple use of the surface of public lands. This does not alter the validity of gold placer locations based upon sufficient evidence of discovery. It does set up procedures whereby the Government agency responsible for administering surface resources can challenge a mining claimant. In this way the question of surface rights is cleared so that the fullest use can be made of the land.

"Under Public Law 359, enacted August 11, 1955, mining is permitted on lands which have been withdrawn from location or reserved for power development and for other purposes, provided certain steps are taken. In this case, permission to mine must be obtained from the Secretary of the Interior. Claims located before the date of the act on a power withdrawal are relocatable.

"Lands accorded to Indian Reservations are not subject to claim under U.S. mining laws. (From June 18, 1943, to May 27, 1955, an exception was made for the Papago Indian Reservation, but such free mineral entries were then curtailed (43 CFR 3825, formerly 3635).) One wishing to prospect or mine on Indian lands must obtain a lease from the Secretary of the Interior; application for the lease should be made through the reservation superintendent.

"On State-owned lands, application for prospecting or mining lease should be made to the appropriate State authority. Regulations on granting such leases vary by State. Mining claims can be located on private stock-raising homestead lands where the Government has reserved rights to minerals, although certain limitations are specified to protect the homesteader and to provide reimbursement for damage to crops or to tangible improvements. Taylor Grazing Act lands are also subject to location.

"Privately owned lands are usually leased or may be purchased outright for mining purposes. Normally a lease will carry a royalty provision on the mineral production as a percentage of the gross or net value received from sales. Many different arrangements are possible, depending upon the requirements or bargaining positions of the potential lessor and lessee.

"The recent completion of studies of mining laws by the Public Land Law Review Commission and recommendations by the Commission can be expected to result in changes in regulations that could affect placer location procedures or mining rights. Information on such changes as they occur will become available from the Bureau of Land Management, U.S. Department of the Interior." ●RW

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KING OF THE KLONDIKE

By Norman B. Wiltsey

Mike Mahoney was a legend in Alaska while he was in his early twenties. He drove the fastest dog team, he could carry a piano up a mountain on his back, and he whipped the light-heavy-weight champion of the world even though he had never trained as a fighter or fought as a professional.

It was a lively night in the Monte Carlo saloon and dance hall in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. The spring breakup of '98 had just busted loose the ice-bound Yukon River, and sourdough and *cheechakoe* gold hunters were pouring into the Monte Carlo to drink, gamble and shake a merry *mukluk* with the gaily dressed dancing girls.

Bartender Tex Rickard set out the whiskey on his prized mahogany bar and kept his sawed-off pool cue handy in case of trouble. But trouble, when it popped, exploded so fast it caught cagey Tex off guard.

A big young Irishman in a red woolen shirt and lumberman's stocking cap reached suddenly across one of the poker tables and seized a rival player's nose between his thumb and forefinger. "Deal 'em from the *top* of the deck, not the bottom" roared Red Shirt — and twisted hard.

The burly cardshark hit the floor, howling with pain. He came up cursing and swinging a chair.

The Irishman tipped the table over, sending cards and poker chips flying, and moved out to the middle of the floor for fighting room. Whirling lightly on his toes, Red Shirt ducked and dodged the savage swings of the chair until he found an opening. "Hurroo!" he yelled the Celt's joyous battle cry — and leaped in. His right foot lashed out to the point of the cardshark's jaw, knocking him headfirst into the bar. The fight was over.

Tex Rickard stepped from behind the bar and knelt beside the inert victim. Expertly Tex felt the man's pulse, then thumbed back an eyelid for a closer examination. Richard rose to his feet.

"Well, kid," he remarked casually, "you ain't killed the sonofabitch, just coldcocked him good."

Red Shirt eyed Tex warily. "Keep your distance, mister." he warned. "This ruckus ain't no concern of yours. This man was a crook, and deserved what he got."

Tex grinned.

"Right! I'm just interested in that nifty footwork of yours. Ever think of becoming a pro fighter?"

"Hell, no!" scoffed the Irishman. "My name's Mike Mahoney — and like all the Mahoneys, I fight for fun."

Rickard looked pained. "Only suckers fight for fun, young feller. I'd like to have you put on the gloves with a friend of mine. Just a sparring match, no kicking. Okay?"

Mahoney shrugged carelessly. "Sure! Why not?"

Restricted to the use of his hands alone, Mike Mahoney fought four fast rounds with Rickard's friend — Paddy Slavin, a crafty old pug who had fought the best in the heavyweight division in his prime ring days in the States before drifting to Dawson City in 1897, where he joined his old pal, Tex Rickard.

Mike's bristling workout with the veteran pro was a remarkable performance for a youth who had never before worn boxing gloves. Mahoney knew nothing of scientific boxing, but his reflexes were so quick and his footwork so deft that he held Slavin even all the way.

"This kid's a natural," puffed Paddy, as Rickard pulled off his gloves at the end of round four. "Another round and he'd have knocked me out. Sign him up. I'll train him, and we'll have the world's heavyweight champ in a year!"

Rickard tried to sign Mahoney to a long-term contract then and there, but big Mike laughed at him.

"Go along with ye, man!" chuckled the brawny young Irishman. "I've got more important things to do than wear mittens on my hands and try to knock some poor gowk's block off. Gold to find, rivers to run, new country to see. I'm restless, man, restless!"

Restless Mike Mahoney had been ever since his early boyhood on a lonely Canadian bush farm. At 16, he was pulling his end of a crosscut saw and swinging a double-bit axe in the lumber camps of the Laurentian forests. Here, in sheer self-preservation, he learned the deadly art of *la savate* — fighting with the feet — from the brawling lumberjacks. Soon he was equaling the agile French-Canadians at their own vicious game.

At 18 Mike drifted across the border into Michigan, where he went to work in the North Woods lumber camps. By then he had filled out into a trim, muscular, 190-pound six-footer.

"Box-car" O'Rourke, a hulking 250-pounder, was the first American woods bully to test Mahoney's mettle in all-out combat. Mike knocked the giant down four times with mule-kick wallops of his flying feet. O'Rourke stayed down the fourth time. Helpless and unable to rise, the huge lumberjack waited stoically for the brutal "stomping" that inevitably befell a defeated opponent. Young Mahoney lifted the beaten bully to his feet and half-carried him into the bunkhouse. Depositing the groaning O'Rourke in his bunk, Mike went to the cookshack for towels and a bucket of water to wash the blood off Box-car's battered face.

After two years in Michigan, Mike grew restless again. News of the first big Klondike gold strike of 1897 reached him just as he was starting back for Canada. Promptly, he headed for Alaska instead.

Young Mahoney hit Alaska at the stampede port of Skagway, broke and hungry. He got a job as a freighter, packing miners' supplies on his broad shoulders over the mountains to Lake Bennett. The rugged deal was to rush the stuff through the headwater lakes of the Yukon River during the winter. There, greenhorn *cheechakoes* and veteran sourdoughs built boats during the cold weather in readiness to run their precious outfits down the turbulent Yukon to Dawson City at spring breakup to begin their frenzied search for gold.

(continued on page 54)

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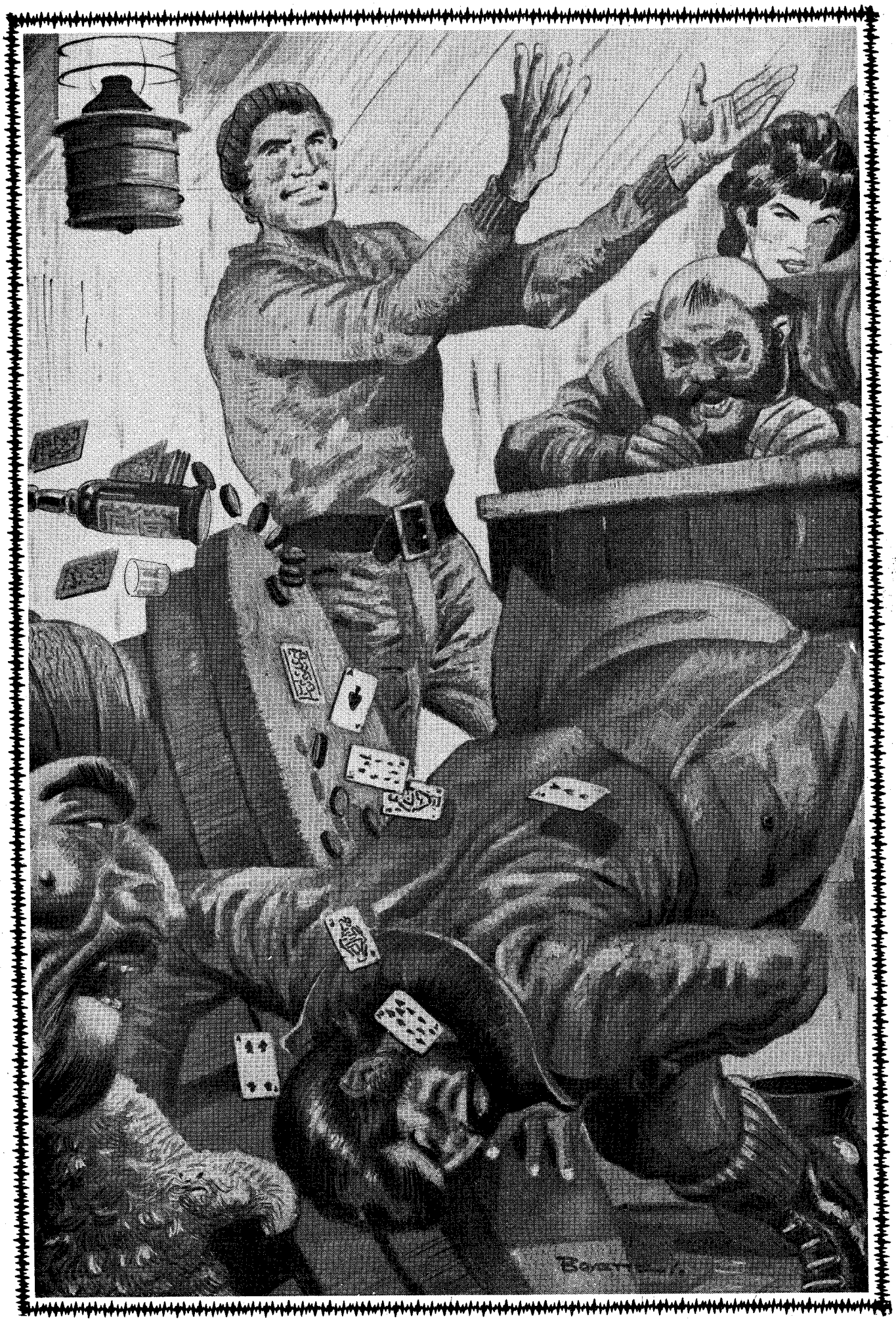

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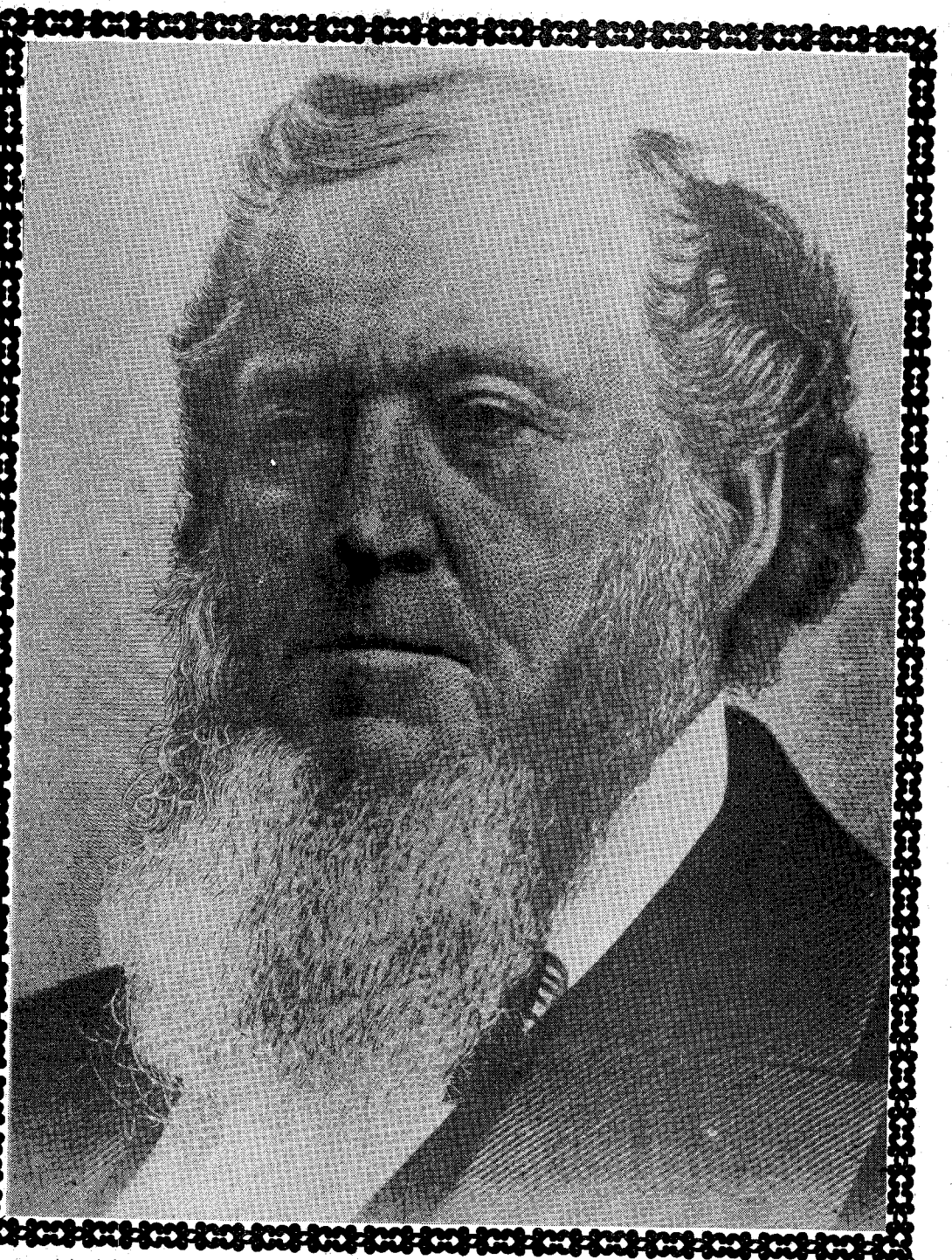
In 1847, the Mormon Battalion of Infantry arrived in California. Their enlistment was up and they all wanted to return to their families in Utah but most of them lacked sufficient funds so many of them took employment with the Swiss, Captain John A. Sutter. They were right there when the historic gold strike was made at Sutter's Mill in 1848.



Brigham Young, leader of the Mormons. He ordered the Mormons in California to return to Salt Lake after the discovery of gold.

MORMONS IN

The discovery of gold in California had a great impact not only on California but on the United States and the world. From all parts of the globe thousands flocked to the gold fields, creating serious problems of social organization. At the same time, California gained sufficient population to enable it to become a state without first having to pass through the territorial stage. The discovery of gold was related to the story of the Mormons in California; members of the Mormon Battalion were involved in the discovery, and the effects of the Gold Rush strongly influenced the development of the Church in California.

The Mormon Battalion of infantrymen left Ft. Leavenworth during the summer of 1846, crossed the Southwest on foot, and arrived in California in January, 1847. The period of the Battalion's enlistment having ended, the men were discharged in Los Angeles on July 16, 1847. Although a few re-enlisted for an additional six months, the majority began preparations to rejoin their families somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Because

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their mustering-out pay was not sufficient to finance the trip, the men decided to go north first to seek employment for the winter and then cross the Sierra in the spring of 1848.

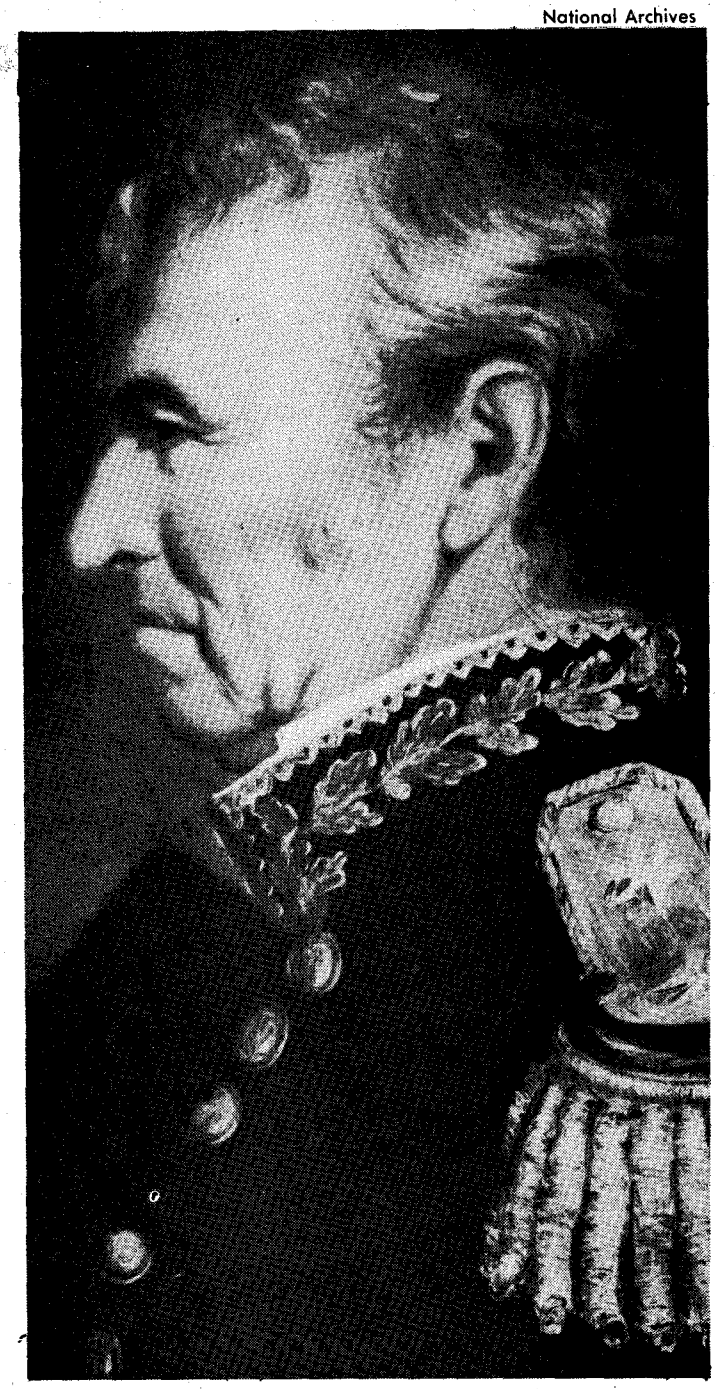
The first contingent of Battalion men left Los Angeles on July 21 and arrived at the American River in northern California August 25, 1847. The Mormons learned that Captain John A. Sutter would pay from $25 to $40 per month wages, so some of the men concluded to remain and work for him. The majority of the group, however, began the ascent of the Sierra Nevada on their way to meet the main body of the Church. They had just crossed the crest of the Sierra when on September 6, 1847, they met Sam Brannan who was returning from his interview with President Brigham Young. Brannan described the Salt Lake region as being no place to live and expressed the opinion that nothing would grow there. He predicted that the Church would move to California, and he urged the Battalion men, with scant success, to return to the coast with him. Brannan told the men that on the following day they would probably meet Captain James Brown who was coming from the Salt Lake Valley with letters and instructions for them.

The men decided to make camp at that spot and wait for Captain Brown who arrived the following day. Most of the men received personal letters from their families, and Captain Brown read a letter of instructions from the Twelve Apostles to the men of the Battalion. Because provisions were scarce in the Salt Lake Valley, the Apostles instructed the men who had no families there and those who lacked the means to sustain themselves for one year to remain in California, work through the winter, and fit themselves out to the Valley in the spring of 1848. As a result of this counsel, only about half of the company decided to push on to the Valley, which they reached October 1, 1847. Meanwhile, the rest retraced their steps and arrived at Sutter's Fort on September 14, 1847.

The men made camp near the Fort and sent a committee of three to interview Sutter concerning the possibility of employment. The trio returned and reported that Sutter, contemplating the building of two mills, was willing to hire the entire group on terms very favorable to the Mormons. In the end, he employed about eighty of them. The varied skills of the Battalion's carpenters, blacksmiths, and mechanics were precisely what Sutter needed. He had been planning to build the mills but had been unable to begin construction principally because he lacked trustworthy labor. His plans called for the erection of a flour mill near the Fort and a sawmill about forty miles up the American River.

James W. Marshall agreed with Sutter to take charge of building the sawmill. Marshall, a non-Mormon, took several of the Battalion men to work for him. Two of these men, James Stephen Brown and Henry W. Bigler, left valuable accounts of the work at the mill and of the circumstances leading up to the discovery of gold. According to Brown's account, the Mormons went to work digging the mill race. Each evening Marshall had the gates at the head of the race opened to allow water to flow through it and remove all loose dirt. Before work began the following morning, he closed the gates to allow the race to drain.

National Archives



Zachary Taylor, when President of the United States, suggested to Brigham Young a plan to admit California and Deseret as states. The plan was never adopted.

One morning, when Marshall was inspecting the race, he saw what he believed to be gold. The Mormons helped him perform some basic tests which heightened the belief that the strange ore was really gold. The exact date of this momentous discovery has been established from an entry in the diary of one of these Mormon workmen. Henry W. Bigler recorded: "Monday, 24th (of January, 1848). This day some kind of metal that looks like gold was found in the tail race."

CALIFORNIA

By Chad L. Hoopes

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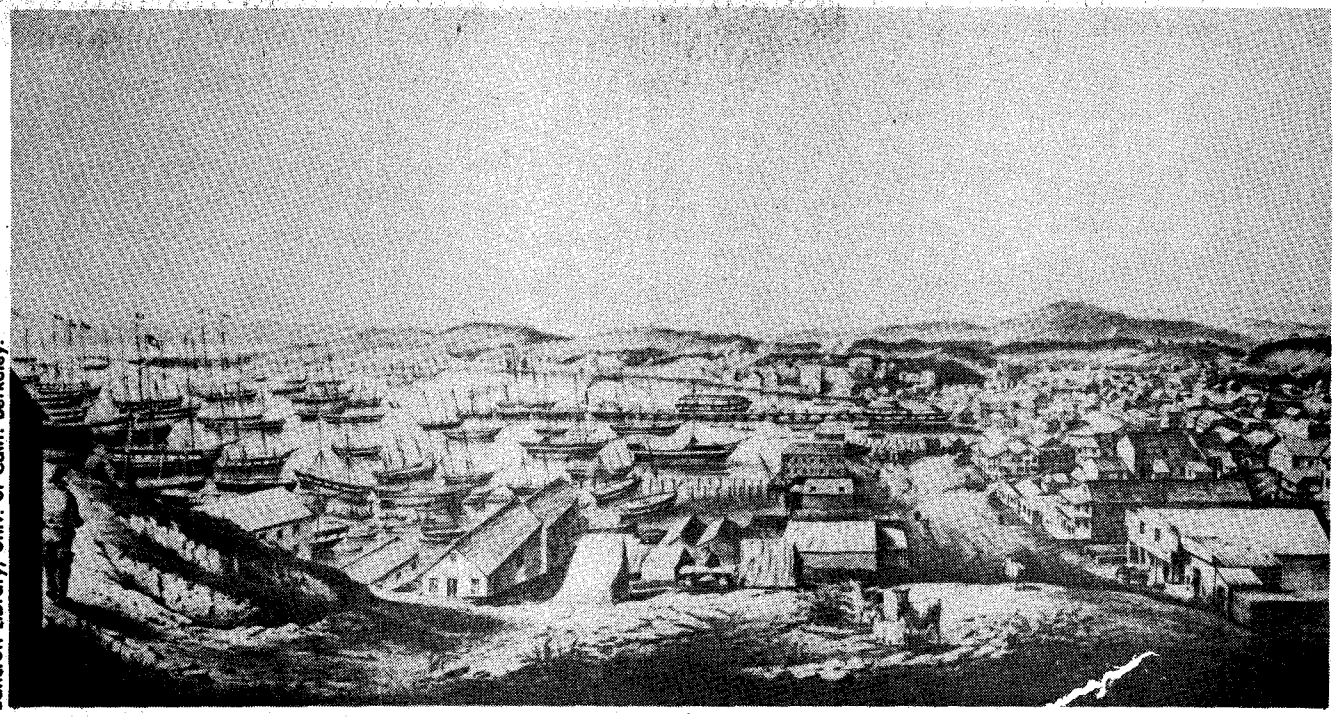

Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif. Berkeley.

San Francisco in April 1850. From a small settlement of 800 people in 1848 it grew to be a metropolis in the short space of two years.

Bigler and the other Mormons began looking for gold in their spare time and discovered the precious metal in many places throughout the vicinity. Bigler made one of the richest of these finds about a half mile down the river from the mill site.

Sutter and Marshall asked the Mormons to stay with them and keep the discovery of gold a secret until the mill was completed. The men agreed and were faithful to their promise. Sutter agreed to give the Mormons first right to prospect for gold on his property and to furnish them with the necessary tools and provisions. Under this arrangement Sutter and the Mormons divided what gold was found. Sutter further agreed to supply provisions for the Battalion's trip to Salt Lake Valley in the spring.

During February, 1848, William Johnson had some urgent business down at the gristmill. Bigler sent a letter to three friends there in which he told them in confidence of the discovery of gold. These men shared the secret with others. "And somehow or other the bag came untied and our old cat and all the kittens ran out," wrote Brown of the gold secret, "and to the camps they went, until everybody heard them. But, like all great truths, people were slow to believe the story."

Two of the Mormons working on the flour mill, Sidney Willis and Wilford Hudson, decided to go in person to the upper mill and learn what they could about the discovery of gold. They arrived at the sawmill late in February, 1848, and spent a few days with their brethren there. On their return to the Fort, Willis and Hudson followed the American River downstream, prospecting as they went. About half way between the two mill sites they made a significant discovery at a location they named Mormon Island. Bigler stated that this proved to be one of the rich gold strikes found in California.

As late as March, 1848, the news of the gold discovery was restricted to Sutter, Marshall, and those who were in their employ. During this month, however, Sutter engaged a Swiss teamster to take supplies to the sawmill. While this teamster was at the mill site, one of the Weimer boys boastfully told him, "We have found gold up here." The Swiss so ridiculed the idea that the little boy's mother, the crew's cook, became annoyed at the teamster and gave him some pieces of gold to prove the truth of her son's story.

The Swiss returned to the Fort and being thirsty, headed for the "Shirt-tail store" which Samuel Brannan was operating on a lease from Sutter. Because the store did not extend credit for the purchase of whiskey, the Swiss had been refused on many previous occasions. This time it was different; he went up to the counter and "called for his poison," offering the pieces of gold in payment. "What is that?" demanded Gordon Smith, Brannan's assistant who was on duty. "You know liquor means money!"

"That is money," replied the teamster. "It is gold."

"... do you mean to insult me?" roared Smith.

"Go to the Fort and ask the Captain, if you don't believe me," the teamster challenged.

Smith went "in hot haste" to Sutter and said to him, "Your man came to me and said that this is gold. Of course I knew he lied and told him so."

"Nevertheless it is gold," Sutter declared, and the secret was out. Smith immediately wrote to Brannan who hurried to the Fort from San Francisco to learn all he could about the news.

On March 15, 1848, the *Californian* published an insignificant article of less than twelve lines giving news of gold; this article, carried on a back page, had little impact. On March 25 the *Star* published a vague reference to the discovery of gold. The extra edition of Sam Brannan's *Star* on April 1, 1848, gave the gold discovery its first real publicity; announcement of gold was on the front page, and the whole paper was devoted to the build-up of California's attractions. Brannan sent 2,000 copies by express to the East. The *New York Herald* picked up Brannan's account and reprinted it on August 18, 1848, and thus gave the news to the East.

During April the gold excitement increased and became uncontrollable during May. On about May 12, 1848, Sam Brannan rushed into Portsmouth Square, waving his hat

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and holding aloft a bottle full of glittering particles, and "bellowed in his great bull voice: 'GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! From the American River!'" The excitement continued and the rush to the mines began. By May 29 the *Californian* ceased publication with the explanation that "... so normal an institution as a newspaper had become entirely superfluous." By June there were few left in San Fran; cisco to be excited; while it had been a bustling town of about 800 population, by the end of the month it was almost deserted.

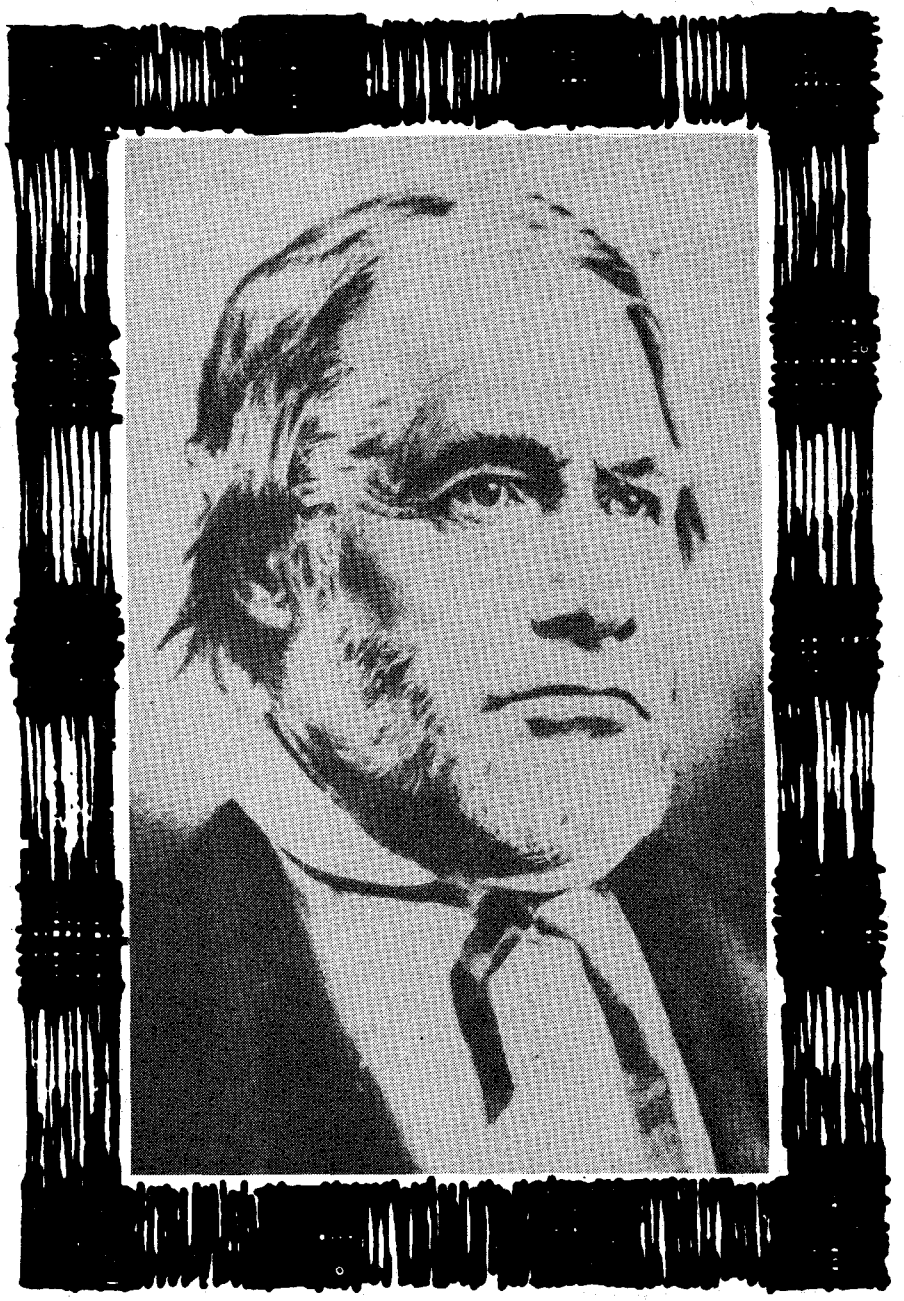
Daniel Tyler, one of the Mormon Battalion men, described what he saw:

The secret was made public and such fabulous reports were circulated that "In the settlements along the coast and on the rivers, lawyers closed their offices. Doctors forsook their patients, schools were dismissed, farmers allowed their grain to fall to the ground uncared for, and almost everybody of every description came in every conceivable way and manner, and one grand, wild, rush to the 'gold diggings'; (they came) on horses and mules, with wheelbarrows, with packs on their backs, and some with nothing but the dirty rags they stood up in, and in a few weeks, the mountain wilderness was turned into busy mining camps, and the whole face of the country seemed to change as if by magic."

Brannan called a meeting of the Saints who were left in San Francisco; this was probably the last Church meeting Brannan ever convened. He told the Mormons about the gold discoveries, and most of the group left town and went to Mormon Island. The Mormons who gathered at the Island decided that each could have a strip 18 feet wide and that all would work together to defend each other's claims.

Sam Brannan had the only store in the immediate vicinity of the gold diggings, so he soon became wealthy through his merchandising enterprises. Addison Pratt accused Brannan of using his Church positions for his personal gain. Pratt and Sutter reported that at Mormon Island, Brannan exacted a tax of 30% of all gold mined there. Because Pratt and the others felt that none of this money would ever benefit the Church in any way, they hesitated but did not refuse to pay the tax. Sutter recorded that Brannan later lowered this tax to 10%, promising to use the money for the erection of a "Temple to the Lord".

Sutter added, however, that Brannan never erected such a temple. According to Brannan's biographers, none of the funds he collected were ever received by the Church. When Brigham Young demanded "the Lord's money" for the Church, Brannan replied that he would turn it over only when he received "a receipt signed by the Lord". The rift between Brannan and Young which began in 1847 was complete.



James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold on the American River in California.

Although Brannan still claimed authority over the Mormons in California, his influence among them soon ended, and he turned completely away from the Church. Brannan acquired wealth and power and became one of California's first millionaires. He continued to play an important role in San Francisco's secular affairs. Fortune later turned against Brannan and he died in poverty.

Brigham Young's attitude toward California strongly influenced the development of the Mormon Church there. While Young had been able to say in 1847 to the California Saints, "you are in a goodly land", the discovery of gold made him change his mind. President Young feared that going to California to seek gold would undermine the spiritual aspects of human character, for he felt that it would be impossible to serve both God and Mammon. Trying to mix the two, he thought, would bring ruin to the Saints. In a talk to the Saints gathered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Brigham Young exhorted:

... if you have a spirit to seek after the

(continued on page 51)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Quite often, when discussing the early West, the question arises as to which man in the ranch outfit was the most important; and invariably all will agree that it was the cook. Without good food that was well prepared, both morale and work suffer, and the old-time Western cook, considering the difficulties under which he worked, was a genius — if he was a good cook, that is, and ranch owners moved heaven and earth to insure that they secured a good one. In addition to possessing cooking ability, he had to be self-reliant and innovative, especially considering the limited variety of foodstuffs he carried.

There was no refrigeration those days, and perishables, such as fresh vegetables and eggs, never appeared on the menu. Most of the supplies on hand were dry, such as canned foods, beans, baking powder, rice, flour, and dried fruit. And then the conditions under which he worked would drive a modern housewife to suicide: high winds carrying sand, hail and rain would hamper him as hs struggled with limited supplies to prepare acceptable meals for a horde of gargantuan appetites. Consider also his equipment: an open pit or a closed pit fire, or maybe a Dutch oven. Fuel was a constant problem; often he was short of it, or half the time it was wet.

From camp site to camp site he kept his eyes peeled for wood, stacking it in the possum belly underneath the chuck wagon. Lack of wood meant resorting to buffalo chips, disliked not because of their odor but because they burnt out too quickly. No modern doodads such as a measuring cups were his, just a pinch of this and a handful of that, according to his experience and judgment. If he wanted to be especially beloved of his crew, he kept a pot of strong, really strong coffee on hand at all times. Cowboys liked it hot and black — real black. Steaks were the main item, and the men liked them fried, along with beans, bread, corn, potatoes and rice. Very starchy, but how often did you see a fat cowboy? His rugged life burned off the fat. The cook usually received higher wages than the other hands, but he deserved it.

Q. What does prairie dog meat taste like? V. Bourke, Biloxi, Miss.
A. We do not know personally, but from accounts which we have read, it tastes like lean pork.

Q. How did the Apache Indian, Wallace Altahas, get so rich, and how rich was he? L. Gast, Des Moines, Iowa.
A. We would ascribe it to ambition, industry and hard work. On the reservation where Wallace and his parents lived, the agent in charge would sometimes issue live cattle to large families. The beast would usually be slaughtered and eaten. However, when Wallace's father was issued a scrawny black cow, he slapped a brand on her and a few months later Wallace and his father branded her calf. Thereafter, when issued butchered beef they would trade it for live ones with other, less ambitious families. By such means the herd grew and with it the wealth of Wallace. When he died in 1937, it was estimated that he was worth a half a million dollars. He even had a white foreman, Johnny Moore.

Wasn't there a Mountain Man named Hugh Glass who successfully wrestled a grizzly bear? M. Soliozy, Lincoln, Neb.
A. There was a Mountain Man named Hugh Glass, but we think we're safe in saying that neither Hugh nor anyone else ever successfully wrestled a grizzly bear. What hapened was that Hugh met up with a grizzly and the bear almost killed him. His flesh was literally ripped from his body and hung horribly in bloody streamers. The leader of the company, a Major Henry, couldn't wait around for Hugh to recover or die because of marauding Indians, so he asked for volunteers to stay with the patient until he did die.

Half a year's wages were promised, so one John Fitzgerald and Jim Bridger (then a boy) volunteered. A few days later, Fitzgerald and Bridger caught up with the main party and reported that Hugh had finally died and that they had buried him. This wasn't quite true. They had anticipated his death, he looked so bad, and divided up his property and took off. Glass, though in a coma; had lucid intervals, saw this, and swore vengeance. He crawled to a spring, drank from it for days and subsisted on wild cherries and buffalo berries. Eventually his wounds healed, leaving terrible scars.

When he was well enough to move, he started his long trek, armed only with a razor. It was the buffalo's calf-dropping time, and these sustained him until he fell in with a company of trappers. Reaching a settlement, he found young Jim Bridger but forebore killing him because of his youth, instead heaping curses and recriminations on his head. He eventually found Fitzgerald, too, but by that time his blood lust had worn off. He got his revenge by publicly scorning and cursing the man who had left him to die.

Q. I've been on a Western trip and the modern cowboy's life seems quite pleasant. How does it compare to the early days? B. Bierne, McKeesport, Pa.
A. For one thing wages are a lot better. The old time cowboy's day started at 3:30 A.M. and ended about 9:00 P.M. Mostly everyone had to stand two hours night guard. If a man's night shift was from midnight to 2:00 A.M., he would sleep from nine til midnight, then after his night shift he could perhaps catch ninety minutes sleep until the morning call at 3:00 A.M. His bed was the ground. Food, living and working conditions are much better today.

Q. I've been reading about pioneers living in sod houses. It must have been terrible. K. Manners, Lafayette, La.
By modern standards, yes. But they were cool in summer and warm in winter, windproof and fireproof. They were, unfortunately, not waterproof.

An old song illustrates this:

My house is constructed of natural soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle;
The roof has no pitch but is level and plain,
And I never get wet til it happens to rain.

Q. How did Black Bart, the highwayman, get caught? O. Perry, Omaha, Neb.
Because he was careless. He dropped his handkerchief accidentally at the scene of one of his robberies. Unfortunately it bore a laundry mark (FX07, actually) and the detective who found it diligently went through the records of San Francisco's ninety-one laundries. Within a week he had linked it to Black Bart who was soon lodged in San Quentin Prison. ●RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

LITTLE KNOWN INDIAN TRIBES

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

When the white man landed on the shores of what was to become the United States, there were many groups or tribes of native inhabitants all grouped together by the white man under the name, "Indian." However, in only a few years many of these different and distinct tribes had become extinct or joined other tribes for survival. Because of much contact with some tribes, they were written up in history, but the tribes the white man had little contact with were almost unknown. This is true of many of the the tribes that dealt mostly with the early Spanish and French and not so much with the English. There has been great interest in these little-known tribes, who they were and what happened to them.

As it would be impossible to list all the tribes in one short article, only a few of the many will be included here.

The *Wappinger* Indians were a part of the confederacy of Algonquian tribes. They occupied the east bank of the Hudson River from Poughkeepsie to Manhattan, as well as the country extending east beyond the Connecticut River in Connecticut. Their totem was the wolf and they were divided into nine tribes believed to consist of the Wappinger proper, the Manhattan, the Wecwuaesgeek, the Sintsink, the Kitchawank, the Tankitake, the Nochpeem, the Siwanoy and the Mattabasee. These in turn were divided into many sub-tribes. In 1609 Henry Hudson visited the Wappinger tribe, as the tribes living along the Connecticut River were all usually friendly with the white man. Gradually they sold their lands to the white settlers. After this some of them joined the Scaticook and Stockbridge tribes, with a few emigrating to Canada.

The western bands became involved in a war with the Dutch in 1640 which lasted until 1645. In this war over 1,600 Wappinger Indians lost their lives. However, after the war they still kept their chiefs and occupied a tract of land along the shores of the Westchester in New York until 1756. After this date many of the tribe joined the Mahican, the Nanticoke, the Iroquois and the Delawares. A few joined the Moravian or Stockbridge Indians. In 1774 only a few of the Wappinger remained in Dutchess county, with others staying near the Housatonic River below Kent. The latter belonged to the old Scaticook settlement founded by a Pequot Indian named Mahwee or Mauwehu.

The *Cape Fear* Indians were a small tribe, possibly part of the Eastern Siouan group. Their proper name was unknown, but because they lived near the mouth of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, they were given the name "Cape Fear" by the early settlers. Several early travelers must have visited these Indians, but the first mention made of them is by the English in 1661, when a colony from New England made a settlement near the river. At first the Indians were peaceful, but they soon became angry after the English seized several Indian children in the pretense they were going to send them to England to educate and instruct them in the ways of civilization, when actually it was found they were being used as slaves. Because of this, the Indians drove the settlers out of the territory.

In 1663 the tribe was visited by Captain William Hilton. Shortly afterwards, a group from Barbados purchased land from Wat Coosa, the head chief of the tribe. This settlement was soon abandoned. In 1665 another colony settled at the mouth of Old Town in Brunswick on the south side of the river on lands bought from the Indians. Although the Indians were friendly, again the colony was abandoned. In 1695 the Cape Fear Indians asked to be taken under the protection of Governor Archdale. This was granted, and not long afterwards they rescued 52 people from a wrecked New England vessel; those people then founded a nucleus of Christ Church Parish north of Cooper River. In 1711 and 1712 a few of the Cape Fear Indians accompanied Colonel John Barnwell on his Tuscarora expedition, acting as scouts and guarding the regions around Port Royal.

There is little mention of these Indians again until the colonial governor, Colonel Johnson, in a letter dated January 12, 1719, gave an accounting of the Indian Tribes in Carolina. The count taken in 1715 listed the Cape Fear Indians as having 5 villages with 206 persons. The Cape Fear Indians took part in the Yamasi War of 1716 and suffered great losses. Later note of this tribe was in 1751, in the record of the Albany Conference, where they were listed as a small friendly tribe and the South Carolina government hoped they would keep peace with the Iroquois Indians. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a small band was living at the Parishes of St. Stephen and St. John, under a chief called King John. A few of the tribe had joined the Catawa, and in 1808 it was believed only one old full-blood woman remained of this tribe.

The *Chatot* tribe lived west of the Apalachicola river in Florida, and some members of the tribe were also found in Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana. The meaning of the name is not known but the tribe was first mentioned in a Spanish document of 1639 in which the Governor of Florida praised himself for having made peace between the Spanish, the Chatot, the Yamasee, the Apalachicola and the Apalachee Indians. In 1674 two missions were established among the Indians. However the Indians rebelled and were only subdued by the Spanish troops. The Chatot were then settled near the Apalachee town of San Louis, with a mission again being established among them. In 1695 the Lower Creeks attacked the mission, capturing 42 Christanized Indians.

Again in 1706 and 1707 the Chatot and several smaller tribes were attacked, with many of them being carried off. Those left fled to Mobile and joined the French under Jean Baptiste le Mayne Sieur Bienville and located near the present city of Mobile. In 1709 when Bienville wanted to change his settlement, he selected the land the Chatot were living upon and in exchange gave them a piece of land near Dog River. After Mobile was ceded to the English in 1763, the

(continued on page 57)

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GRAFTON TYLER BROWN

Mystery Painter

By T. W. Paterson

Paintings by G.T. Brown are becoming increasingly valuable. But who was this remarkable artist? History told us little about Grafton Tyler Brown, artist and lithographer until this writer researched this article and filled in a lot of gaps about this black artist's life.

"Who was artist G. T. Brown? Where did he come from and where did he go?"

So asked a Victoria, B. C., newspaper reporter, three years ago, when two paintings by the American black artist, who once called this Canadian city "home," were found in an attic.

Today only a knowledgeable few recognize Brown's signature and know that the "mystery painter's" works are becoming increasingly valuable. But as to who he was, where he came from and where he went, this much is record, although many questions concerning him remain unanswered.

Born a freeman in Dolphin County, Pennsylvania, Grafton Tyler Brown was not only a talented landscape painter but also a professional lithographer and printer. In 1861, at the age of 20, it is known that he moved to San Francisco, where, six years later according to one account, he established his own lithographic business, Brown & Co. To quote this source further, Brown sold out in 1879 to move to Victoria, where he joined a Dominion government survey team. He died in 1918.

It is a tragically short and inaccurate, obituary for such a remarkable pioneer. Unfortunately, other sources are equally brief and to the point. In fact, one of the more illuminating insights into Brown is provided by two photographs. The first, a head-and-shoulders shot taken apparently when he was in his late 20's or early 30's, shows him to have been handsome, mustachioed and elegantly dressed. The second, full length, shows him when somewhat older. In this photograph Brown is bearded, formally attired, and standing, brush and palette in hand, before his easel, a finished landscape, "On the Spallumcheen," showing clearly.

Happily for historians and art lovers alike, early-day biographers Groce and Wallace have provided further details concerning Brown's background in their *Dictionary of Artists in America 1564-1860:*

Described as being an artist and lithographer, Brown had begun his career about 1856, which, if correct, would have made him 15 years old. From then until the early '60's, he had "designed views of several western towns, including Virginia City (Nevada), for the San Francisco lithographers Kuchel & Dresel. He established his own lithographic business, as Brown & Co., in San Francisco in 1872 and was still active in 1877."

Brown first arrived in Victoria about mid-summer of 1882, when on his way to join a geological survey for the Dominion government under the command of Amos Bowman. Assigned the task of reconnoitering "the country from the boundary line to Clinton on the north and east and Chilliwhack (sic) and Sumas on the west," the party assumed its ambitious task, Brown returning to Victoria with his sketches in November.

Deciding to call Victoria home for the winter, he opened a studio in the Occidental Hotel on Wharf Street. With spring, he told the *Daily Colonist* that he would again be off to the Interior in search of further landscapes. But, in the meantime, "he is purposing to do these pictures in water color and will furnish any of them to order that visitors may take a fancy to..."

Throughout his residence in the British Columbia capital, the morning daily never failed to praise Brown's works in the most glowing of terms; as, for that matter, did most Victorians, it would seem. Describing him as "an artist of more than local celebrity in California and elsewhere," the *Colonist* listed several of his sketches.

Brown's collection included a view of "a beautiful piece of landscape of the South Thompson looking up the river from Peterson's hotel;" another view taken from upriver; four "equally choice" sketches depicting Shuswap Lake; two of the Okanagan's Long Lake, "one looking up from a very peculiar low-lying island at high water called the Railroad, which at low water divides the lake in two, and the other from the same point of view looking both ways." From Okanagan Mission and "Keremev," Brown's artistic tour proceeded to the Similkameen and lower Fraser, all sketches being portrayed "with the exquisite tints of autumn on the foliage, which give the landscapes a rich, warm coloring that must be seen to be appreciated."

The Brown exhibition even included the odd local work, such as a view of Washington's Mount Baker, painted from a vantage point opposite Trial Island.

Why Brown chose to make British Columbia his home temporarily becomes readily apparent when one notes that he expressed it as his opinion that "this province may challenge the world for magnificent and picturesque scenery."

(continued on page 50)

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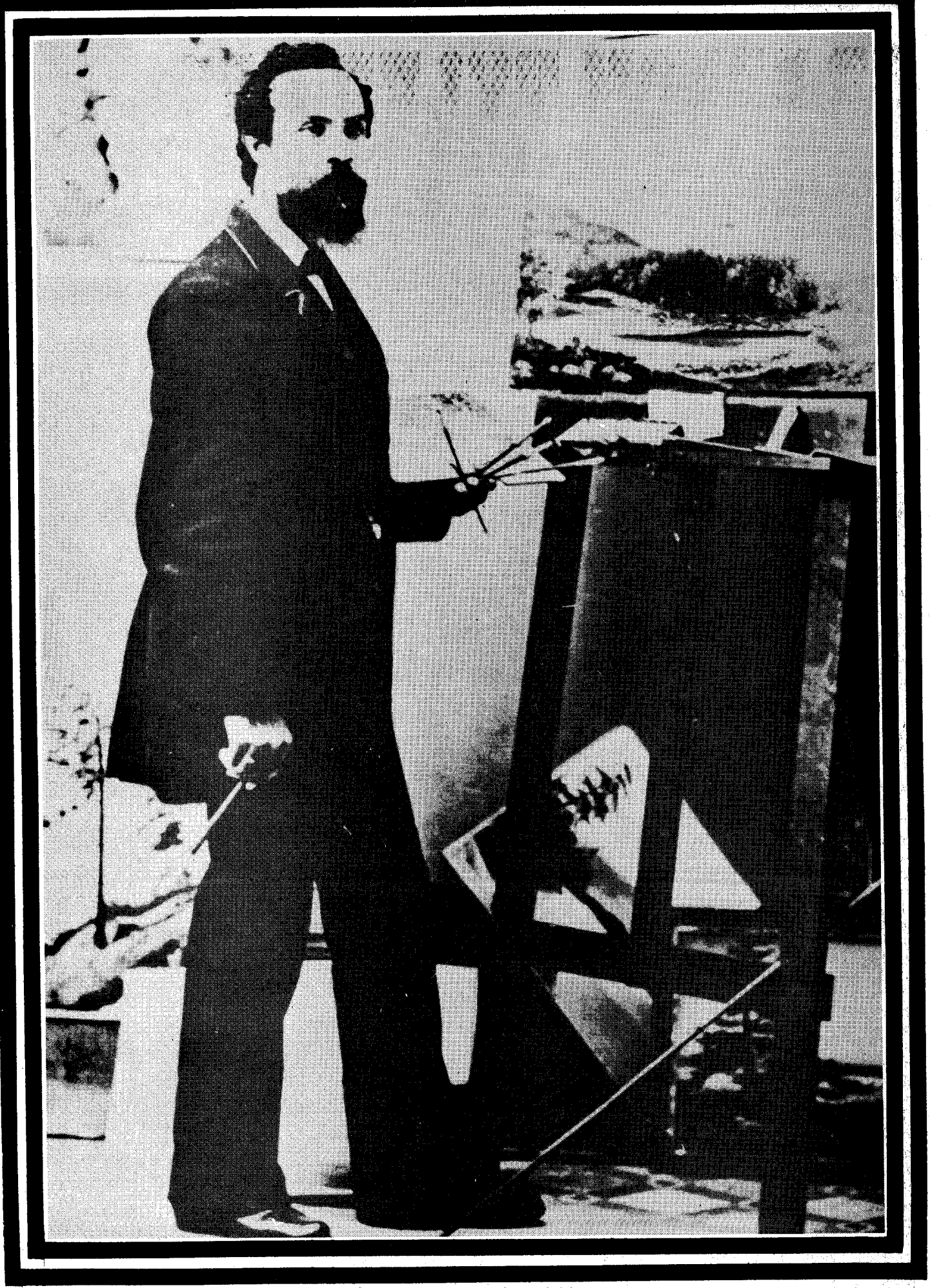

Grafton Tyler Brown & Where did he go?

British Columbia Archives

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The Day BILLY THE KID Was Killed

Some amazing facts about the death of the young gunfighter many considered to be the deadliest in the West. Did you know that a famous peace officer's gun was used by Pat Garrett the night he shot Billy the Kid?

By Carl W. Breihan

From author's collection

Rare photo of Billy the Kid.

Many folks place great significance to the number 13. It has always been considered an unlucky number by many; others just shrug it off as a mere nothing. But to Billy the Kid it certainly showed up in his life many times. Even today the Mexican peons of New Mexico stare in wonderment at the number

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13. Their folks during the late 1870's were good friends of Billy and they brag of this fact.

You will note there are 13 letters in Lincoln County, the area where Billy lived most of his life; there are 13 letters in the name Colonel Dudley, the army officer who fought against Billy; there are 13 letters in Warren Bristol, the judge who sentenced Billy the Kid; he was sentenced on April 13, to be hanged on May 13; there are 13 letters in William Bonney, the Kid's real name; there are 13 letters in Dave Rudabaugh, one of Billy's men; there are 13 letters in Charlie Bowdre, another of Billy's men; there are 13 letters in Richard Brewer, a close friend of Billy; there are 13 letters in Manuela Bowdre, Charlie's wife; there are 13 letters in Nellie Pickett, reputed mistress of Bowdre; there are 13 letters in other names associated with Billy as well. There are 13 knots in a hangman's noose and 13 steps leading to the gallows.

After Billy the Kid's capture at Stinking Springs in December of 1880, he was taken to the jail at Santa Fe. From there the Kid sent letters to Governor Wallace of New Mexico, all of which went unanswered.

In March of 1881 the Kid was taken via stagecoach to Mesilla, where he was to stand trial for the murder of Sheriff J.A. Brady. United States Deputy Marshal Bob Olinger was the officer who took the Kid to the courtroom each day during the week-long trial.

The prominent law firm of Fountain-Bail was appointed by the Territory to represent the Kid, and although eloquent speeches were made in the prisoner's defense, the jury could not be swayed in Billy's favor.

On April 13 the jury found Billy the Kid guilty as charged, and Judge Warren Bristol sentenced the Kid to be hanged on May 13.

On April 16 the Kid was loaded into an old army vehicle, handcuffed and with both his legs shackled to the back seat. With him went Bob Olinger, now also a deputy sheriff of Lincoln County, having been appointed on April 15 and technically still a United States deputy marshal.

The small adobe jail of Lincoln County was hardly the place to hold such an important prisoner as Billy the Kid. It was decided to place him under guard in one of the stronger buildings, the old Murphy store. Not far off, workers were erecting the scaffold upon which the Kid was to die. Throughout the day the sound of hammer and saw drifted up to the second-floor room where the Kid sat waiting, manacled hand and foot, and under constant guard.

One of his guards was Bob Olinger. He was a mean, cowardly bully who tormented the Kid relentlessly. Olinger was a friend of a man named Beckwith who had been killed at the McSween fight, and at Beckwith's grave he had sworn to have revenge on the Kid.

"Hear that, Kid? That's the trap they're building down there. Couple more weeks and boom! Down you go. Then you'll have a long neck, Kid, long and broken."

The Kid sat helpless.

"Why don't you try a break, Kid? Try it, so we can break your dirty back."

The taunting went on as the execution day grew nearer. Always the Kid sat quietly, his young face showing no emotion whatever as the insults came from Olinger.

Sheriff Pat Garrett had given special instructions to his two deputies, Bob Olinger and J. W. Bell, to use the utmost precautions in guarding Billy.

"If there is a mouse hole left open, he'll get through it," Garrett warned them. He well knew the capabilities of his former friend.

Bell was cautious enough to avoid taunting the young gunfighter, but Olinger persisted in reminding Billy that he was a prisoner about to be hanged.

It was on April 28 that Olinger stepped across the street to eat lunch. He left Bell and the Kid playing a game of monte, the young outlaw relaxed and sprawled out in his chair. Shortly after Olinger had gone, Billy asked Bell to unshackle his leg irons as he wanted to go to the latrine.

"Sorry, Billy, you'll have to walk there as is, Garrett's orders. He doesn't even let us have the keys."

Bell took Billy to the outhouse and waited outside, suspecting nothing and having no reason to do so, as the latrine was searched several times each day by the deputies. But they failed to look into the pit! In it was a revolver wrapped in newspaper, said to have been placed there by Jose M. Aguayo, a young Mexican friend of the Kid.

Billy secured the revolver, unwrapped it and stuck it in his waistband. (The day before, Sam Corbett, a former clerk at the Tunstall store, had visited Billy and was allowed to shake hands with him. He also left a tiny note telling about the hidden revolver.)

After a short wait, Billy the Kid stepped outside and walked toward Bell. He then jerked out the revolver and ordered Bell to walk quietly and naturally back to the building being used as the jail.

Bell was afraid for his life. After reaching the upper hall, he dashed down the stairs. The Kid fired and the bullet richochetted from the wall of the stairway and struck Bell under the left armpit. He died a few minutes later.

Billy the Kid.

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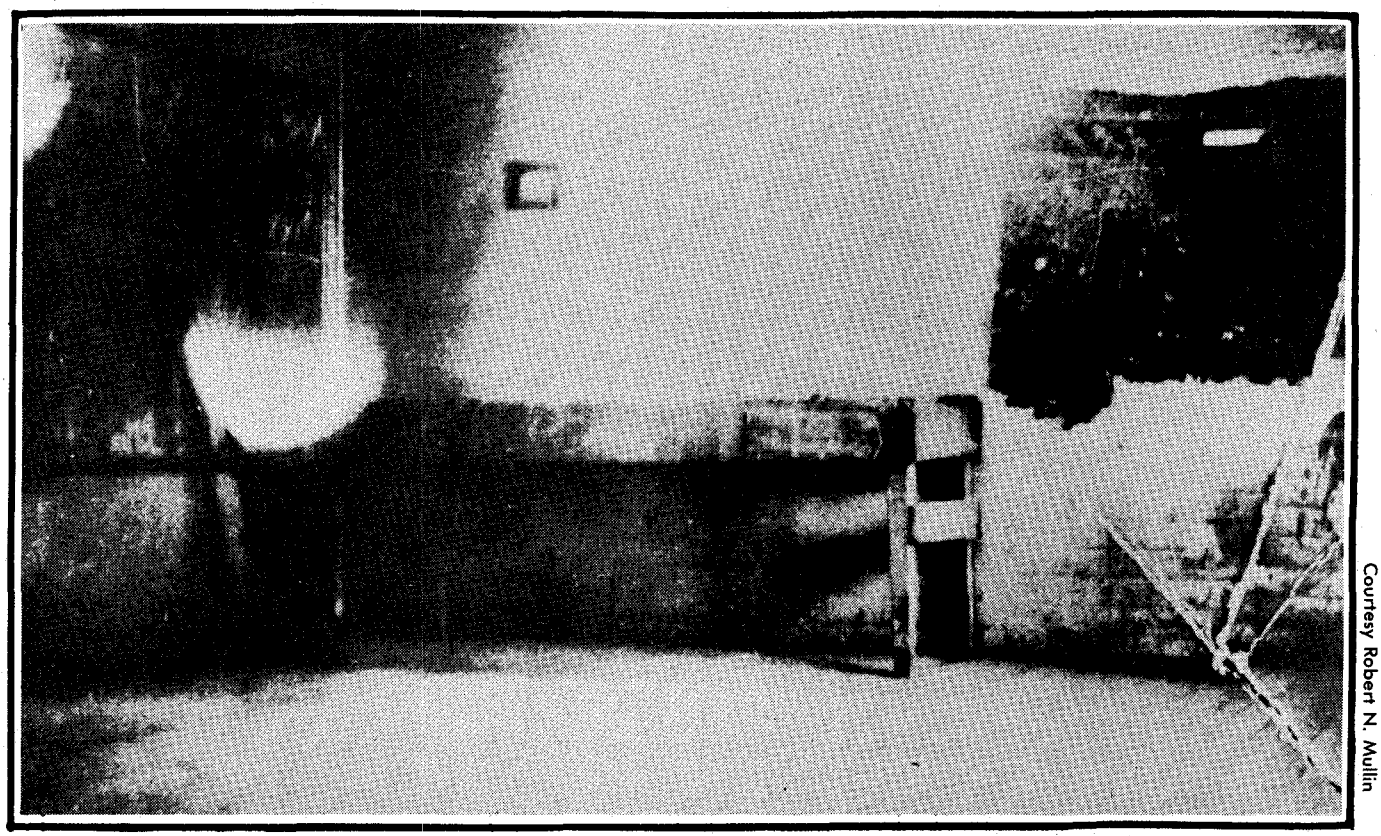

Courtesy Robert N. Mullin

Bench in carpenter's shop where Bonney's body was laid out in Ft. Sumner.

"Quien es?" he snapped.

It was a bright, moonlit night, but Poe did not even recognize the bootless, tousled Kid. Later Poe said he thought the Kid was a frightened sheepherder. At any rate, Poe acted wisely. Had he raised any alarm, he and Deputy McKinney probably would have died on the spot, and the Kid would have made good another escape. Instead they jol ingly told the youth to calm down.

"We ain't gonna hurt you," they told him.

But Garrett had heard, and waited, cautioning Maxwell to hold his tongue under threat of instant death. Then the figure of the Kid slid silently into the dark room.

"Quien son esos hombres afuera, Pete?" (Who are those men outside?) the Kid inquired.

Sheriff Pat Garrett, seated at the head of Maxwell's bed, leveled his revolver. Even in the dark his action caught the keen eye of the young badman.

"Quien es?" he demanded as he leaped back into the middle of the room, pistol in hand.

Two shots roared out in the darkness. One sizzled through the bottom of a wash stand and was not found for a long time after. Garrett jumped through an open window and flattened himself against the wall, his smoking pistol in his hand. He waited, scared, knowing his second shot had missed by several feet. The Kid would be inside, waiting for a chance to shoot back. Maxwell had also fled the room like a startled rabbit.

Half an hour crawled by. The three lawmen were reluctant to enter the room, but Deluvina Maxwell rushed in unafraid. They found her holding Billy's head in her lap and sobbing in Spanish, "My little one, my little one."

"He's dead," said Maxwell.

The Kid lay in the middle of the room. In the circle of light from the lantern Garrett saw the telltale hole in the Kid's chest. Garrett's first shot had sliced through the heart of Billy the Kid. Many believed that Maxwell fired the fatal shot because they knew that Garrett was a poor shot with a pistol, but not much was ever said about this.

Billy quickly grabbed Olinger's shotgun and hobbled to the east corner window. Olinger, aroused by the shot, was just coming through the gate. He was just below the window when the Kid called out, "Bob! Bob Olinger!"

It was the last thing he ever heard. Billy pulled both triggers of the scattergun and the eighteen buckshot pellets tore Olinger's chest to shreds.

The Kid told a frightened old German named Gauss to get a tool for him. He brought a prospector's pickaxe and the Kid managed to free his hands and one of his led shackles. He tied the other end around his leg with a piece of baling wire. Then he took one of Billy Burt's horses and rode leisurely out of town ... no one tried to stop him; in fact, many people smiled and waved as he rode by.

Billy spent the night at the home of Ygenio Salazar, where he had the leg iron removed. The next day he headed for Fort Sumner.

News of the Kid's escape did not reach Garrett until the next day. The following morning the sheriff left White Oaks and hurried to Lincoln, but he was unable to learn anything that might help him locate the escaped prisoner.

The Kid had a choice: He could either head across the border to comparative safety or he could stay in New Mexico. He chose to return to the home of his sweetheart, who lived in Fort Sumner.

Garrett meanwhile was combing the territory with a large posse. His instructions were to kill the Kid on sight. While he scoured every mountain hideaway, checked every bush, and searched from town to town, Billy relaxed in Fort Sumner, a stone's throw from the scene of his jailbreak.

Garrett's tip-off came from a tramp and drunkard named George Graham. This village derelict was sleeping in the livery hayloft of the

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Dedrick stables in White Oaks when he overheard Dan and Sam Dedrick, both close friends of the Kid, discussing the manhunt.

"Right under their noses, and them riding all over New Mexico looking for him," Sam said with a laugh.

Graham understood by this that the Kid was hiding in Fort Sumner. He sneaked away from the stable and told Deputy Sheriff John W. Poe, who did not believe him at first. It seemed too fantastic that the Kid should remain that close.

On the night of July 14, 1881, Garrett and two deputies rode into Fort Sumner. They first checked the home of Charlie Bowdre's widow. They were about to leave when Garrett decided to look in on Pete Maxwell, a friend of the Kid, who lived in a small patio room on the southeast corner of the Bowdre home. Garrett stepped across the porch and entered Maxwell's room. He seated himself near the head of the bed and awoke the sleeping Maxwell.

"Where's Billy, Pete?" he asked.

But before Pete could answer, Garrett whispered for him to be silent. Outside the room he heard a familiar voice. The chase was coming to an end.

Earlier the Kid had gone up the street to visit with Saval Gutierrez, Garrett's brother-in-law. Saval's wife, Celsa, offered to fix him something to eat.

"I'll go up to Pete's and get some beef," Billy told her.

The Kid took off his boots and coat and left the house, headed for the Maxwell place about a hundred feet away. In his hand he carried a butcher knife, and his .41 calibre pistol was hanging at his side.

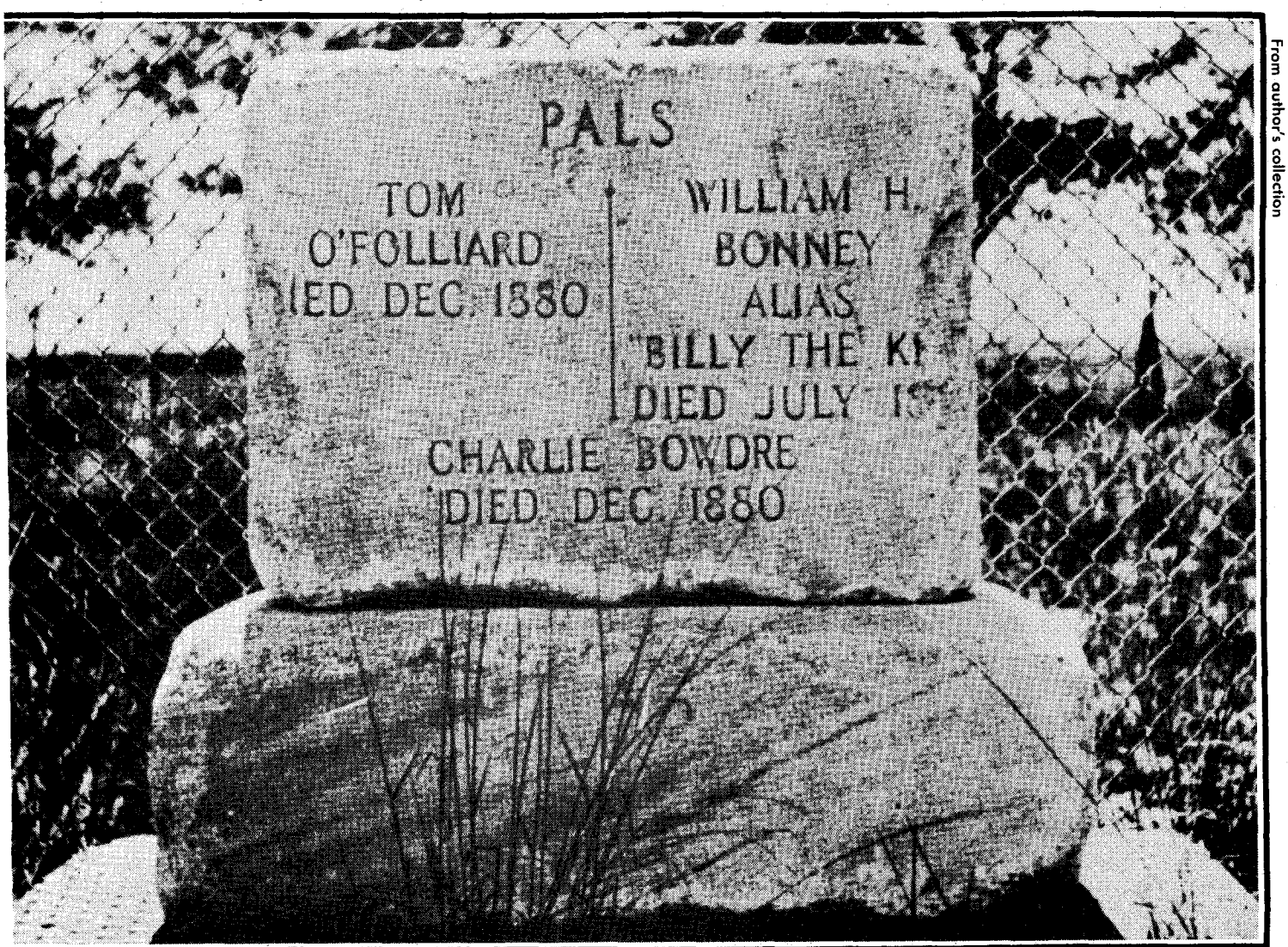
One of Garrett's deputies was seated on the edge of the porch; the other squatted near the fance, while the sheriff waited inside. As the Kid walked up to Maxwell's porch, he stumbled over the first man, named Poe, and his revolver leaped from its holster.

The news was slow in traveling. It was not until July 21, eight days after Garrett's bullet had ended the career of Billy the Kid that the first account of the shooting was published. It was a brief article in the *Cimarron, New Mexico, News & Press:*

... We can all unite in the sentiment expressed in the verdict of the coroner's jury that Garrett earned the gratitude of the whole territory by ridding it of this dangerous outlaw ...

Billy's death was accepted as very tragic news in Fort Sumner. The local women, young and old, were deeply grieved, and they tenderly laid the body on a bench with lighted candles around it. They showered flowers over the twenty-one-year-old desperado's body.

The entire populace of Fort Sumner solemnly followed the rickety wagon, drawn by Mexican ponies, to the Kid's last resting place. Many rumors were persistent that Garrett and his two men had been in danger of lynching by the people, so great was their admiration for the



From author's collection

Grave monument of Tom O'Folliard, Billy the Kid and Charlie Bowdre.

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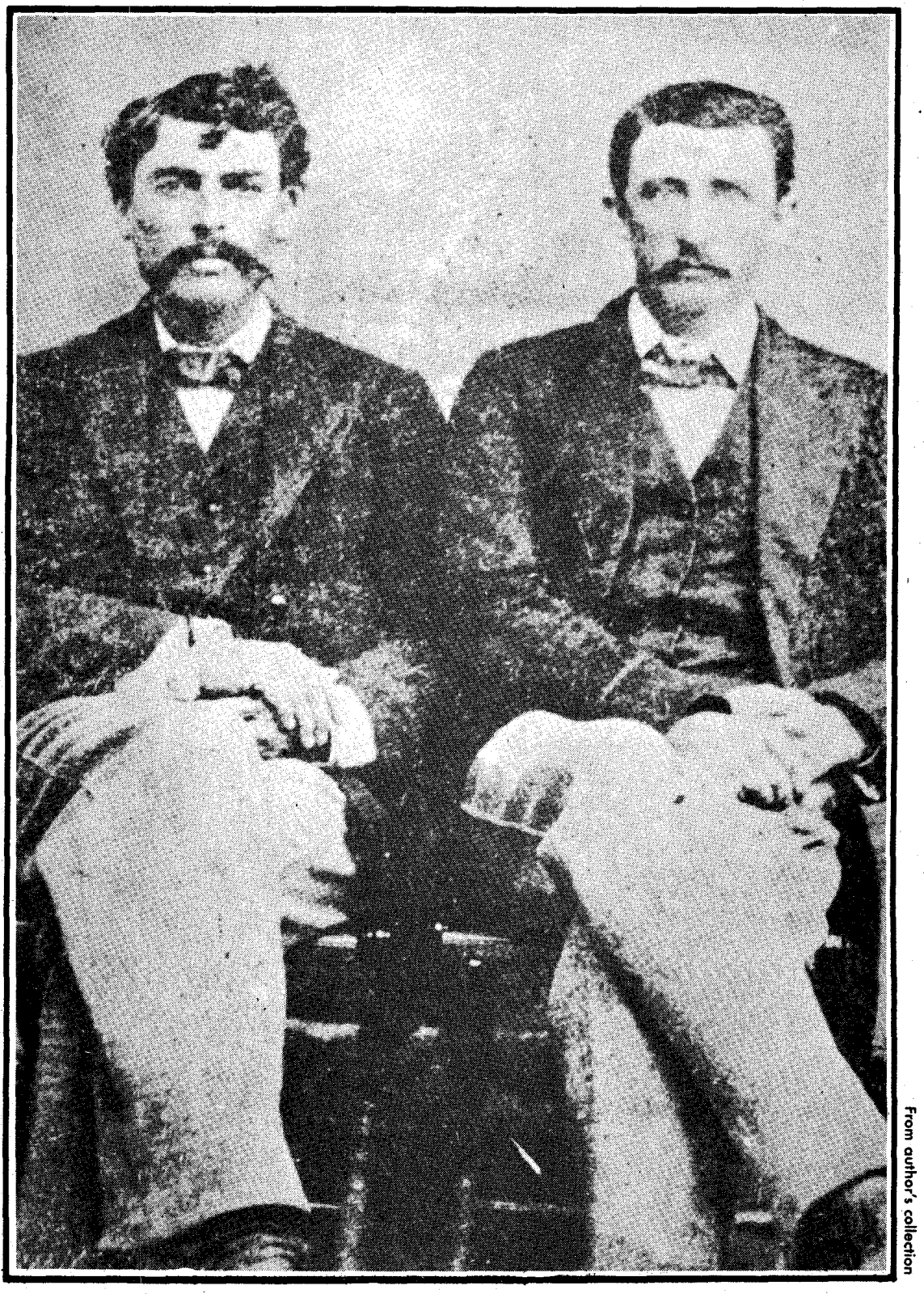

Fred Waite and Henry Both. Both had been friends of Billy the Kid.

From author's collection

Kid, but nothing substantial has ever been uncovered to thoroughly prove this.

With the announcement of the Kid's death, rumor immediately started that Billy had actually been spared by his one-time friend, Garrett. Therefore, the news of the Kid's death was greeted throughout the state with some doubt. Through the years these rumors grew, and even in the last few years people claimed that the dauntless Kid escaped death.

The Kid's body was identified by an impressive list of friends, and there can be little doubt that he actually died in Pete Maxwell's room that night.

Since no relative claimed the body, the remains of Billy the Kid were laid to rest near those of Tom O'Folliard and Charlie Bowdre, also victims of Sheriff Garrett's guns. A rude cross with "Billy the Kid" carved into it was erected over the grave, but a group of drunks used it for target practice and shot it to pieces. For years only a few persons knew the location of the grave, and it is believed now that the exact spot is unknown. Later a monument was erected where the remains are believed to be, for many tourists expressed dismay and surprise on learning that one had not been placed over the Kid's grave. It stands near the highway, protected from vandals by a fence.

Pat Garrett retired from public life

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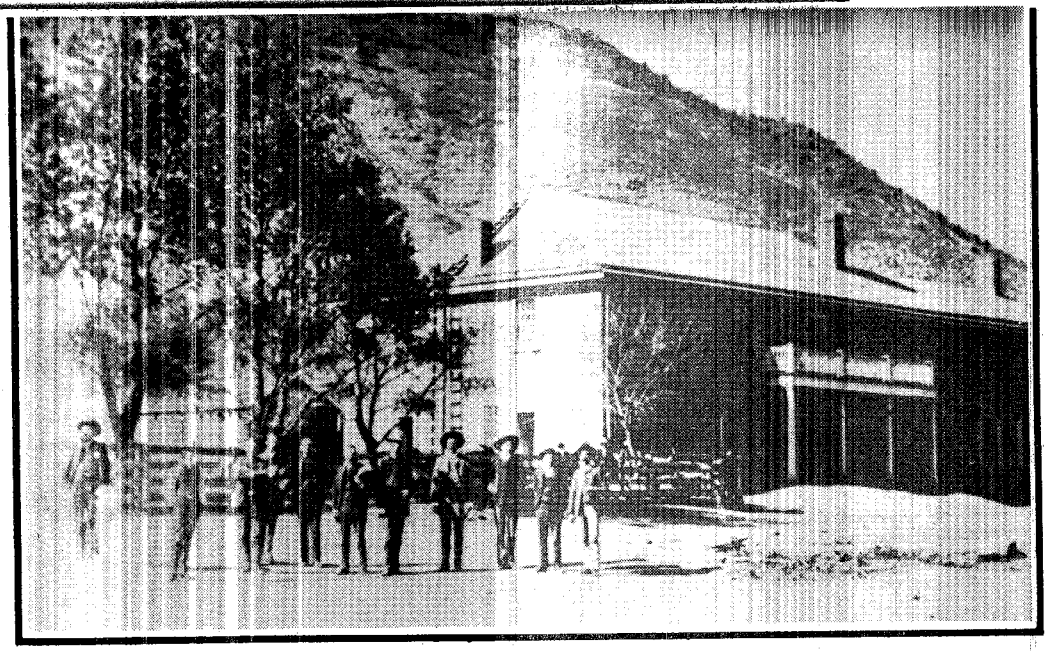


Lincoln County Courthouse. It was used as a jail to hold Billy the Kid, but he escaped.

and prospered as a rancher. He also served as sheriff of Dona Ana County. But with marked irony, he died at fifty-nine, a victim of treacherous guns in an ambush set by business enemies. It happened on February 28, 1908.

Old Fort Sumner is now a town of the past. Its buildings have long ago rotted and been blown away by the winds of time. Only weeds and sand dunes mark the stamping ground and the death place of one of the west's most remarkable gunslingers.

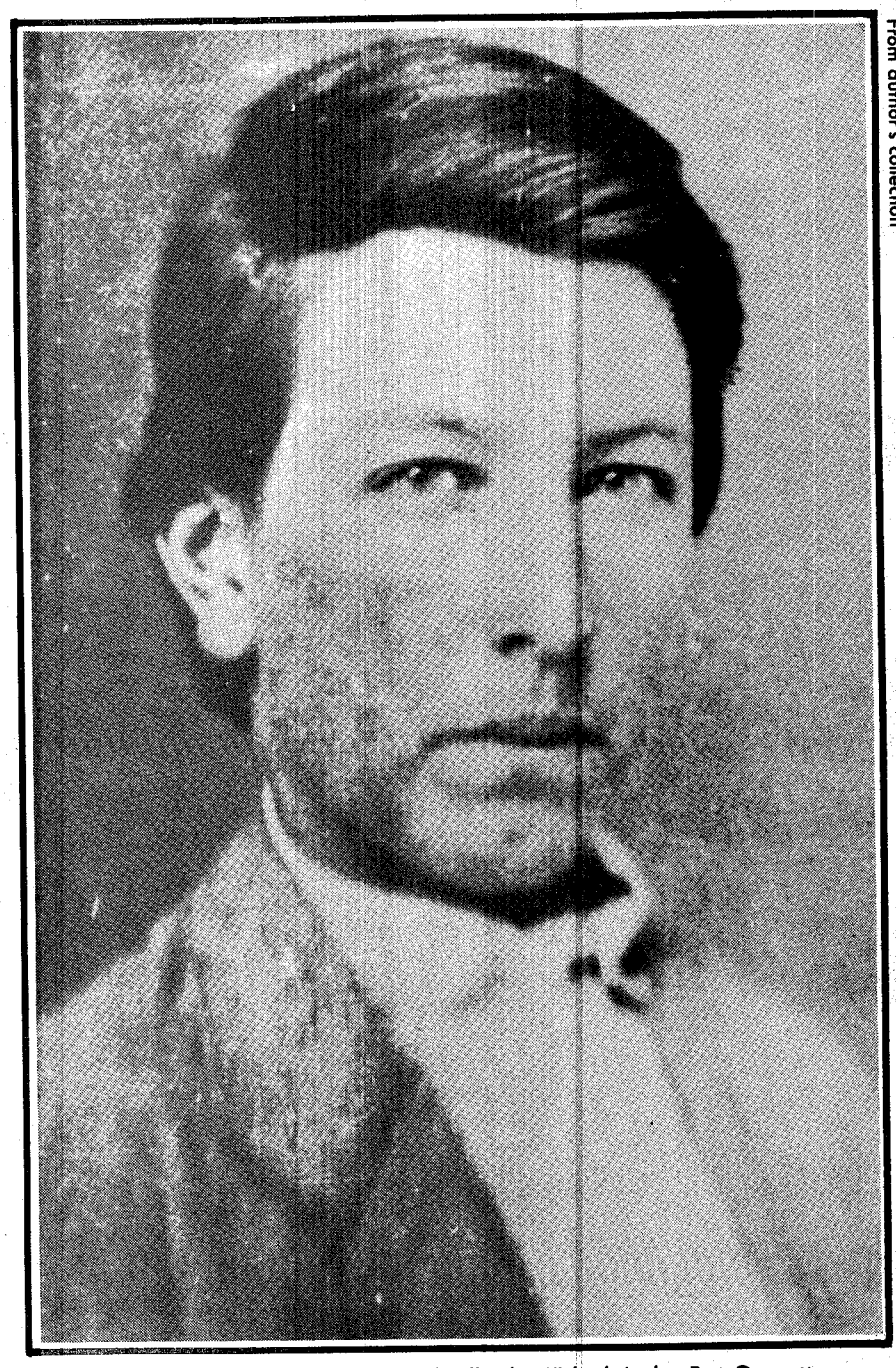
Although Billy the Kid never crossed paths with Wild Bill Hickok, that famous frontier gunman and lawman enters the story and ends it in a curious way.

It was Samuel Collins, a wealthy easterner in Deadwood, South Dakota for his health, who started that story. Wild Bill had expressed his contempt for Billy the Kid; and in Deadwood the gold flush miners and rich merchants would bet on anything. One afternoon Collins bet a miner named Bert Baker five thousand dollars that Kickok would emerge the winner in any duel to the death with Billy Bonney. Baker took him up on it, and they wrote out the terms of the bet and gave it to the bartender in the Criterion Saloon. Wild Bill's gun will kill Billy the Kid, or Sam Collins will pay Bert Baker five thousand dollars.

A few years after Billy's death, long after Wild Bill had been cut down by the cowardly Jack McCall, Sam Collins was reading an account of the Kid's death, and he stopped cold:

"Pat Garret was carrying a lucky gun that night he got the Kid. It was the same gun carried by Wild Bill Hickok until his murder and was later given to Garrett by Hickok's sister in Kansas."

Collins had won his bet!



From author's collection

Tom O'Folliard, best friend of Billy the Kid, slain by Pat Garrett.

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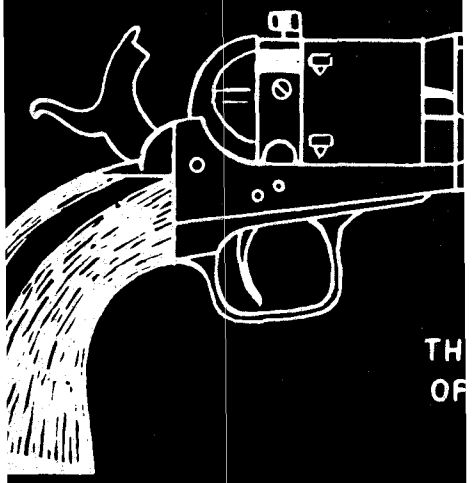

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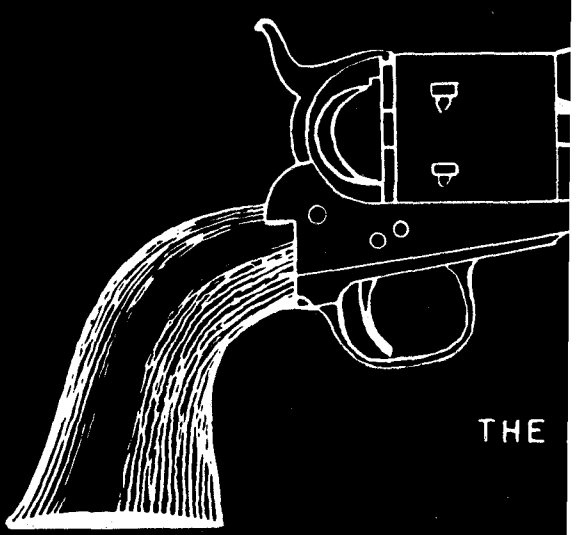

THE

metallic cartridges.

The cylinder was divided into two sections, the forward section taking the self-contained cartridges from the front. The rear portion was the conversion ring, containing a rebounding firing pin and an ejecting mechanism. The two parts turned independently.

In one position of the conversion ring, the firing pin is under the hammer for firing. Rotating the ring to another position makes the ejector operable. Then snapping the hammer forces out empty cases to the front. There also is a safety notch in the ring to rest the hammer when not in use.

It was not the inventor's fault that this system never became popular. However, some were used, both by the military and by frontiersmen who appreciated the quicker loading.

Again, economics was a factor. A Smith & Wesson revolver was superior at that time. However, anyone could

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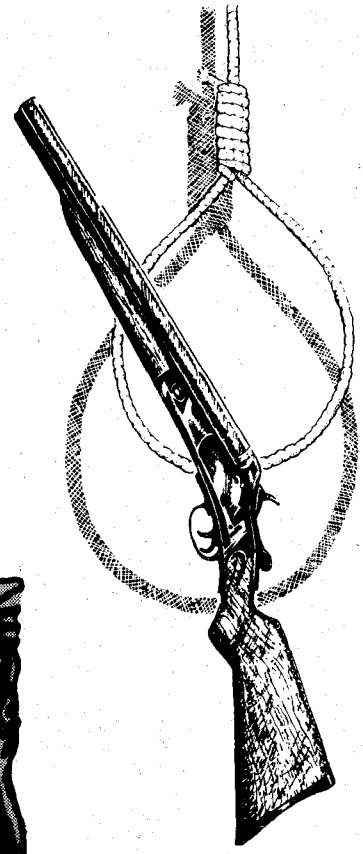
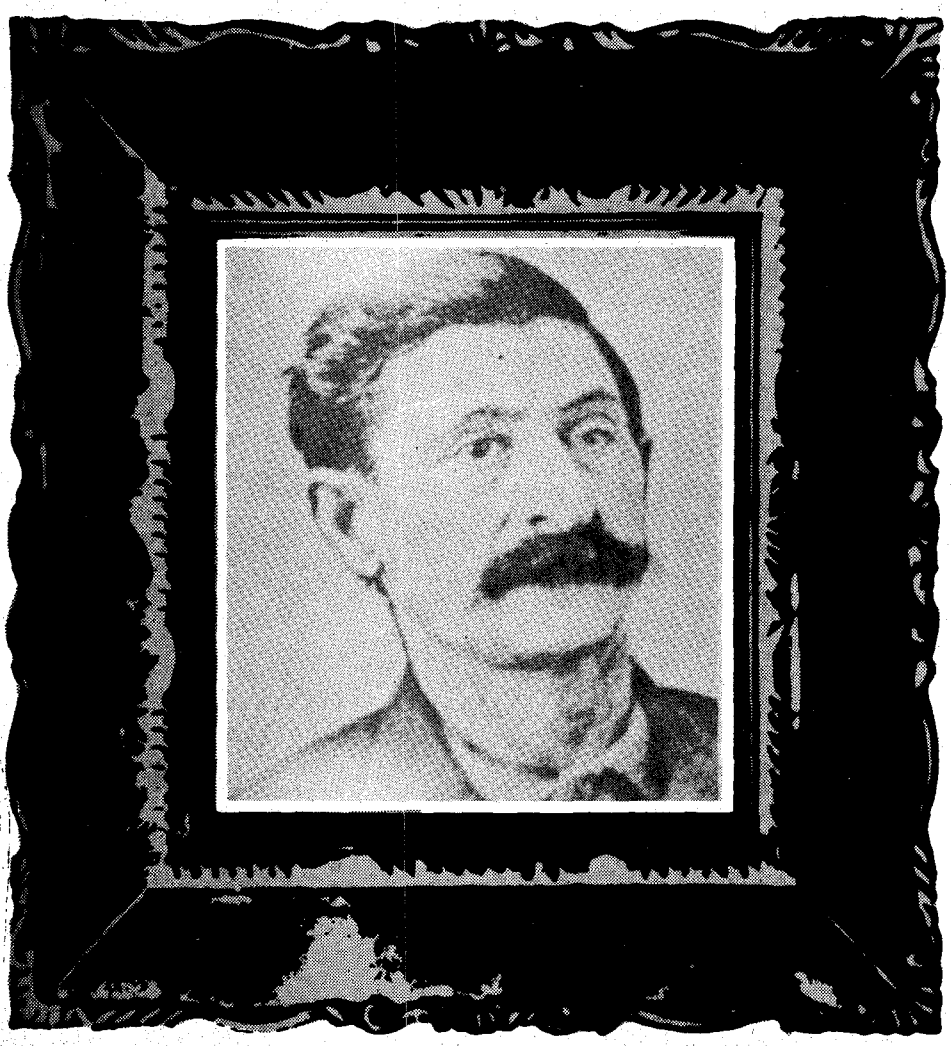
BIG NOSE GEORGE PARROTT

By Carl W. Breihan





Union Pacific Railroad

Big Nose George Parrott, train robber who was hanged by a mob at Rawlins, Wyoming.

The rough-looking man stood erect at the crest of the steep incline, shading his eyes with his hands as the blistering August heat saturated the Wyoming terrain with a crust of shimmering, burning shadows. Not far away, the hot rails of the Union Pacific Railroad stretched forward in an endless ribbon of steel.

"Dammit, men, hurry it up!" the man with the prominent nose and bushy mustache yelled. "That train will be coming up this hill shortly."

The speaker was "Big Nose" George Parrott, the only outlaw of whom a death mask was made after his death. The name of Parrott has been discussed pro and con concerning this bold outlaw. Was it his real name or just an alias to match his large nose? After lengthy research, this writer has come to the conclusion that his real name was George Lathrope, but in this story he shall be referred to as Parrott.

The raw frontier bred many types of badmen; Parrott was one of these, although not much was heard of his exploits until 1878 when he and his gang of cutthroats terrorized towns in Wyoming, South Dakota and Montana. Nothing was heard concerning Parrott prior to 1878.

It was in the middle of August, 1878 when Parrott and his men decided to rob the Union Pacific train a short distance east of the little mining town of Carbon, Wyoming. They used the same trick as did Jesse James when he robbed the train at Adair, Iowa in 1873. They pulled spikes on a downhill curve and a length of wire was attached to the rail. It was their intention to pull and spread the rail from their place of concealment and pitch the train down a ravine.

However, Parrott's scheme was doomed to failure as the loose rail was spotted by section foreman Erick Brown, who put two and two together and sensed the proposed robbery. Luckily he was not spotted by the outlaws and hurried into Carbon, where the news was flashed to Rawlins, sixty miles away. A posse headed by Deputy Sheriff Robert Widdowfield and railroad detective named Tip Vincent was soon on its way to the scene.

The outlaws decided that the train was late for some reason or another, so Parrott sent one of his men into Carbon to see if he could learn the reason for the delay.

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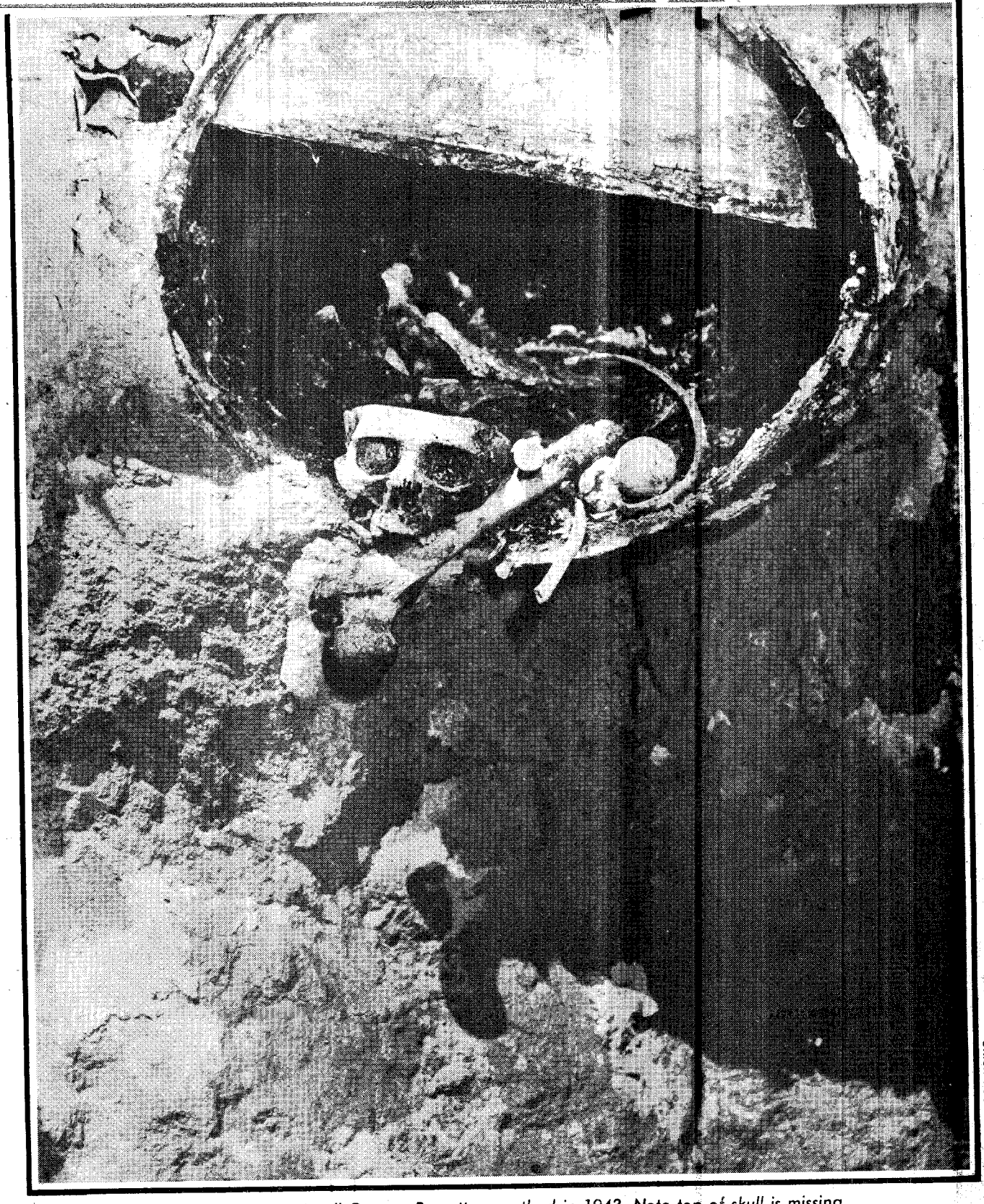

Union Pacific Railroad

Remains of "Big Nose" George Parrott unearthed in 1943. Note top of skull is missing.

It was not long before the man returned and hurriedly told his chief that the train actually was late due to a washout of the track, also that their presence was known and a posse was on its way.

"We have plenty of time before the posse from Rawlins gets here," mused Parrott. "We'll just mosey to Elk Mountain and give them lawmen a surprise."

The outlaws rode to Rattlesnake Canyon near Elk Mountain and waited for the posse to put in its appearance. When it did so, the outlaws ambushed the men, killing Vincent and Widdowfield.

It was not long after this attempted train robbery that Charley Bates, a young member of the Parrott gang, was arrested in Montana. One dark and rainy night a party of masked men boarded the train carrying Bates to Rawlins and lynched him. They had entered the train at gunpoint and took the prisoner from the officers at Carbon. This was not the first incident of this type, as once before train robbers had been taken from a train and lynched.

Oddly enough, nothing much was heard of Parrott for nearly two years, and when he came into the news, he was arrested in Montana and returned to Rawlins. The officers recalled the fate of Bates and secretly went through Carbon, but even with all their precautions, the news leaked out and Parrott nar-

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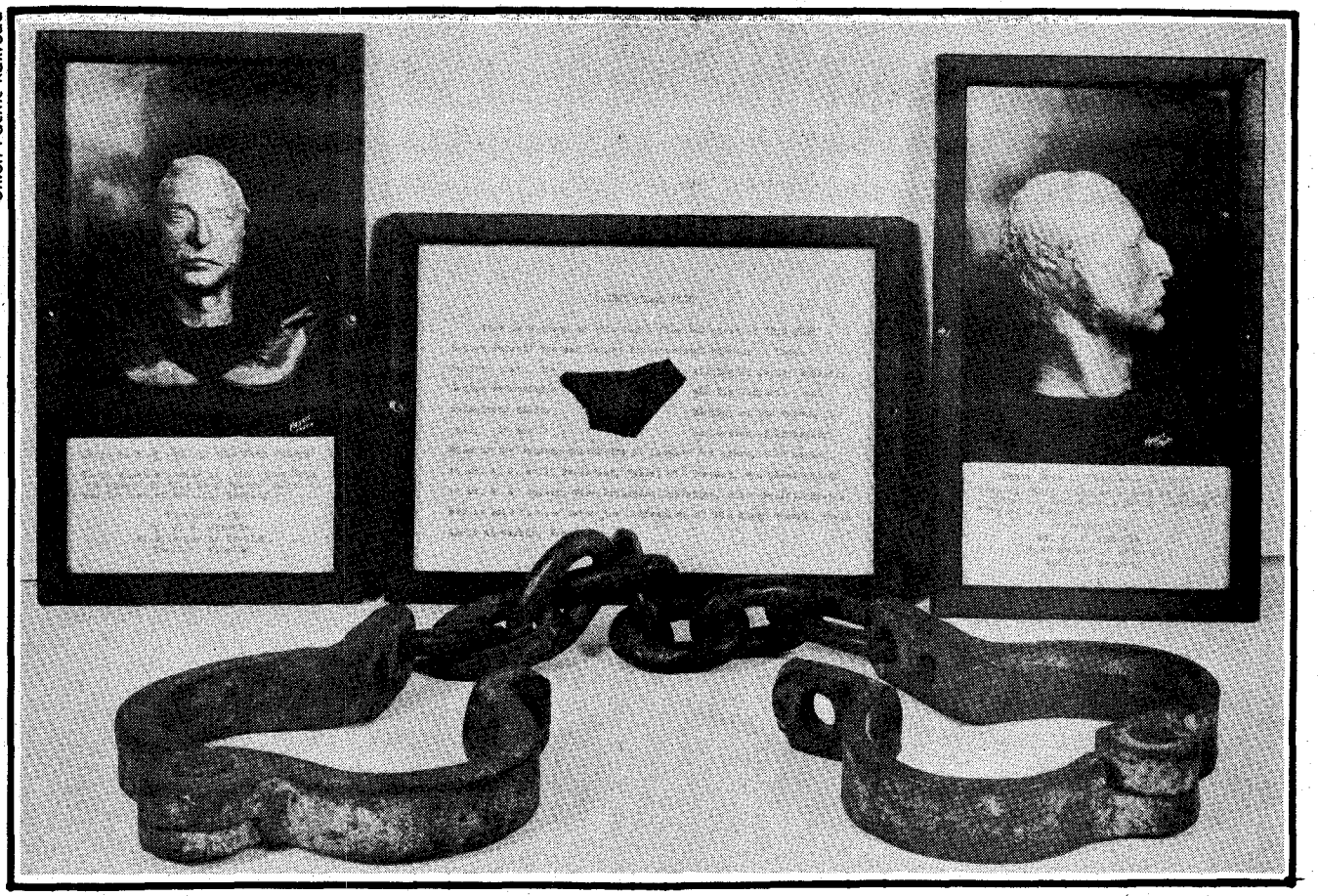
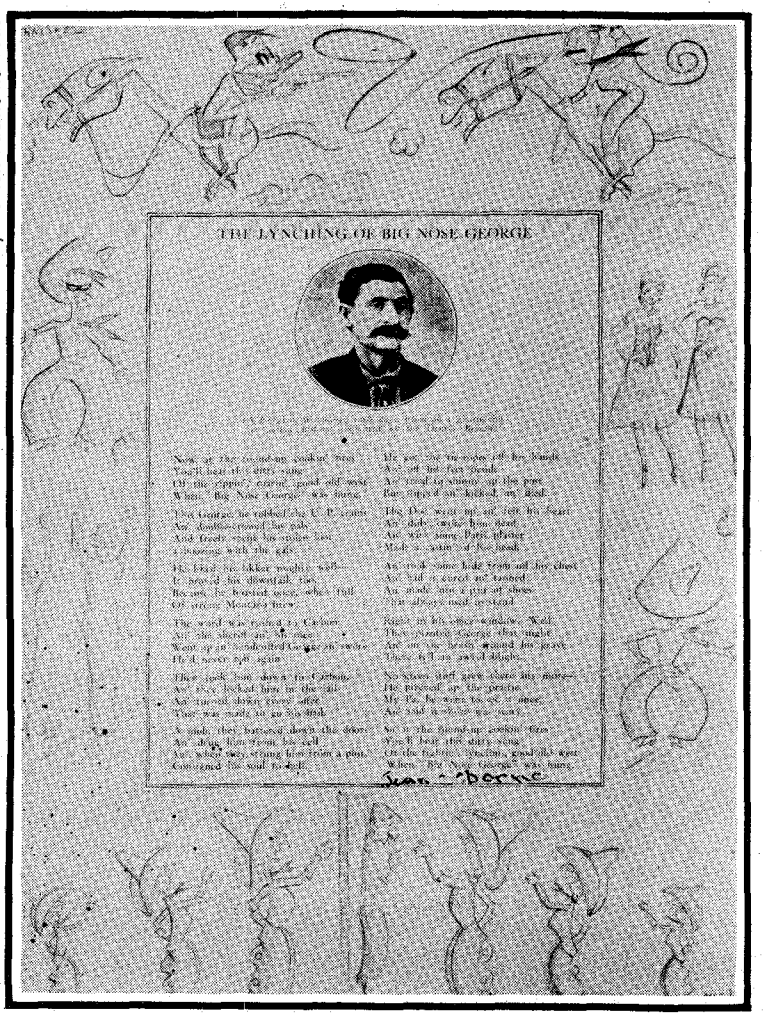
Union Pacific Railroad



The grisly memorabilia of Big Nose George Parrott. Shoes made from skin taken from his chest. Piece of tanned skin and death mask.

Union Pacific Railroad



The Ballad of Big Nose George

rowly escaped lynching there.

Parrott realized that his time was up and tried to escape from the Carbon County jail by slugging Jailer Rankin, but he failed to make good his escape. This act incensed the citizens of Rawlins to such a state that they stormed the jail on the evening of March 22, 1881, and lynched the doomed man from a telegraph pole in the street. There the poor wretch hung, swaying back and forth in the breeze, like a puppet on a string, fighting until the last breath of life had been drained from his body.

And to add a dash of horror to the morbid affair, Dr. John E. Osborne made a death mask of Parrott, as well as removing the skin from the dead outlaw's chest and fashioning it into a medicine bag. More of Parrott's skin got around. A tanned piece of it was in the possession of Professor Reed of the Wyoming University at Laramie for many years. It finally found its way to E. E. Calvin, Vice-President of Operations of the Union Pacific System, and the man who took the confession from Parrott. The skin from Parrott's both thighs was removed, tanned, and fashioned into a pair of shoes, these being in the possession of the Rawlins National Bank at this time. They were presented to them by Dr. Osborne who served as board chairman of that institution for

(continued on page 55)

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

PIKE'S ROAD RAILROAD TO BE BUILT

Charles H. Huson, of South Pueblo, Colorado, has invented a tramway by means of which passengers may be carried speedily from Manitou to the summit of Pike's Peak. A company has been organized to build the road, and it is expected that it will be ready for use by August.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 14, 1883

SITTING BULL CONVERTED

The Indian chief Sitting Bull has been converted to the Catholic faith, and will be received into the church during the coming summer. There are now 2,000 Indians in Dakota belonging to the Catholic Church.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 21, 1883

SITTING BULL TO BECOME FARMER

Sitting Bull and his tribe have gone to the reservation, on which they are to commence a career as farmers.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 12, 1883

LOUIS RIEL ARRESTED

Louis Riel, who became famous in connection with the Red River rebellion and who was afterwards banished from Canada, was recently arrested near Benton, Montana, for complicity in election frauds in the Territorial election last Fall.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Jun 9, 1883

GENERAL LOGAN DENIES INDIAN FRAUD CHARGES

General John A. Logan denies absolutely the story that he recently conferred with his son-in-law and another person to defraud the Zuni Indians by "jumping their reservation," and that they would shut off the water supply from the Zuni country, starve out the tribe, and compel them to abandon the lands which General Logan was credited with unlawfully coveting.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 9, 1883

TROUBLE BETWEEN CREEKS

The trouble between the factions of Creek Indians has been revived, and one man has been killed and two or three others wounded.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 23, 1883

TEXAS LEGISLATURE FINED FOR PLAYING POKER

The fifty members of the Texas Legislature who were indicted some time ago for poker-playing have about all settled their cases without trial by the payment of fines and costs.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 30, 1883

INDIANS HUNGRY IN WESTERN CANADA

Hungry Indians are threatening the workmen on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Indians are said to be in a lamentable condition of want.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 5, 1883

STEAMER *GRAPPLER* DESTROYED BY FIRE

The Steamer, *Grappler,* plying between Puget Sound and Alaska, was destroyed by fire on the 28th ultimo, and out of 100 passengers, many Chinese, less than fifty escaped with their lives.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 12, 1883

GENERAL CROOK PURSUING THE APACHES

General Crook has crossed into Mexico, and at last accounts was pursuing the Apaches in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The Mexican authorities are cooperating with him, and have sent two companies to the frontier and other troops to the field of operations.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 12, 1883

YOUNG CHARLIE McCOMAS KILLED

There appears to be no doubt of the fate of little Charlie McComas, the son of Judge McComas of St. Louis, who was carried off by a band of Apaches after they had murdered the parents a few weeks ago. Word has been received at San Carlos that after carrying the boy a few miles, the Indians grew weary of their burden, and killed him.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 12, 1883

GENERAL CROOK IN WASHINGTON

General Crook has arrived in Washington and laid before the War Department full information in reference to the Apache captives. The general impression is that General Crook's views will be adopted by the Government.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 14, 1883

ACROSS THE COUNTRY IN SIX DAYS

The Union Pacific Railroad has quickened the time of its through trains, so that the trip across the continent requires but six days, instead of seven.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 14, 1883

U.S. - MEXICAN BORDER BEING SURVEYED

A United States surveying expedition will start from Deming, Texas, in the 12th inst., to cooperate with the Mexican force in determining the boundary line between this country and Mexico.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 21, 1883 ●RW

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GRAFTON TYLER BROWN

(continued from page 37)

Throughout that winter, Brown labored to transform his sketches into oils, and by the following June, the *Colonist* was able to announce (with almost as much pride as Brown himself) that his first exhibition was ready. For that matter, it should be pointed out that the newspaper was acting as almost a sponsor, giving Brown not only publicity but display space in its new building.

"Viewed in the light of artistic productions," gushed a reporter, "they (Brown's paintings) are excellent, but when inspected by those with whom the scenes represented are familiar, their fidelity elicited an extra meed of praise, proving that the artist has taken great pains to make them correct portraits, as well as good paintings.

"They are executed from sketches made on the spot by Mr. Brown. The gem of the collection is undoubtedly that entitled 'Sunset on Shuswap Lake,' which is simply perfection from an artistic point of view, independently of its resemblance to the original. The effects of distance have been carefully preserved, while the heavy clouds hanging overhead, whose lights and shadows have been successfully delineated, aid the calm, clear water to reflect in gold and crimson the dying rays of the setting sun; and the foliage of the trees, which thickly fringe the shores, borrowing its brilliant shades from the same source, lends an additional beauty to this lovely scene ..."

Representative of local works were those depicting the Gorge waterway, Race Rocks, Royal Roads anchorage, and Clover Point.

Among those who attended the exhibition was the Hon. Clement Francis Cornwall, lieutenant-governor. His Excellency must have been impressed with what he saw as he purchased a canvas entitled, "Twilight on the South Thompson," terming it "a very pretty scene."

The exhibition seems to have been a complete success, an exuberant G.T. Brown stating that he was already selecting fresh subjects for new pictures. In fact, even before the exhibition closed, he had managed to complete another fine landscape, this one being of Goldstream Falls, the *Colonist* recommending it as being well worth seeing. Sketched in the afternoon, Brown's latest work captured the pool below the falls in shadow, as, from above, the sun highlighted "the foliage in rich, warm tints, giving the entire picture a clever picturesqueness."

But even the newspaper's enthusiasm for Brown's artistry was surpassed by that of a reviewer who, identifying himself only as "Max," wrote an unsolicited — and flattering — review, saying that Brown's talent was immense, that he had shown himself to be a pioneer in paints, as well as having served as an example to young people.

Selecting four of his works, including that of Goldstream Falls, "Max" proceeded to heap praise upon praise upon the artist, concluding: "If I were in the habit, or rather, if I had the ability of describing landscape painting, any one of these pictures would not be without a purchaser. Many of them are sold. They are works of art, exhibited by the pioneer artist of the province.

"They should all be purchased of him, if it were only to encourage those (and they are few) who have a natural taste for the refined art of landscape painting."

From Victoria, it is known that Brown moved to Tacoma, then to Portland, and finally to St. Peter, Minn., in 1893, dying there a quarter of a century later after a lengthy illness. Upon his passing due to pneumonia, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* tersely reported:

"G.T. Brown, 77-years-old, 646 Hague Avenue, for years a draughtsman in the city civil engineering department, died late yesterday. He had been ill for five years. Born in Harrisburg, Penn., February 22, 1841, Mr. Brown came to St. Paul (sic) 25 years ago. He is survived by his widow. Funeral arrangements have not been made."

Three years ago, it was reported that Victoria auctioneer Wilf Lund found two of Brown's paintings, showing the B. C. interior, in an attic. Several of the black artist's works are presently in the possession of the provincial archives.

In the spring of 1972, the Oakland Museum, Oakland, Calif., held an exhibition entitled "Grafton Tyler Brown: Black Artist in the West," displaying a comprehensive collection of Brown's original lithographs, landscape paintings, and examples of the stock and mining certificates, bill heads, street maps and advertising notices produced by his firm in San Francisco. It was not mentioned whether the exhibit included a large lithograph showing San Francisco Harbor choked with shipping during the 1849 gold rush, which is considered to be a masterpiece by print collectors.

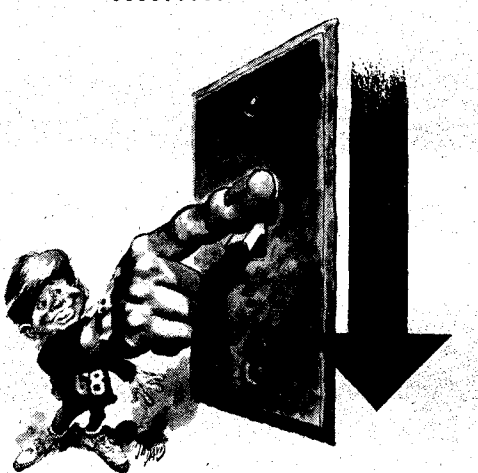
At least 22 of Brown's oil paintings of British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest have been catalogued, as well as at least 40 American lithographs. How many more remain unheralded is not known. Those painted during his Victoria residency are clearly signed and dated, "G. T. Brown, 1883," identifying their master to the few in the know.

As for Grafton Tyler Brown, thought to have been the first Negro artist in California history (and, for that matter, possibly the first in British Columbia history), each passing year brings an ever-increasing awareness and appreciation of his gift to posterity.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Victoria Daily Colonist;
Dictionary of Artists in America 1564-1860, Grove & Wallace:
B.C. Provincial Archives.



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MORMONS OF CALIFORNIA

(continued from page 33)

giddy, vain, foolish vanities of the world, the things pertaining only to the gratification of present feelings, passions, and selfish desires, and have no spirit of prayer and supplication, cannot and do not feel to exercise an interest above all others, for the cause of truth, my advice and counsel is for all such, to go straightway to the *gold mines* of California ...

Finally he pronounced without qualification, "No! Saints, you cannot go to California, as you have in years gone by, and retain fellowship in the Church." At that time the policy of making Salt Lake City the central gathering place was still in effect, and the Mormon Church counseled the Saints from all parts of the world to go there as soon as possible.

The Battalion men in the gold fields answered the call to gather at Zion. A group of them left in April, 1848, to see Sutter and settle their accounts with him. Of these men Sutter wrote that "When the gold excitement broke out they said they were very sorry I was so inconvenienced by it and some of them even remained and finished the jobs they were engageed on at the time." He also stated that "They were very good people. In settling accounts I had not a word of difficulty with any of them."

The men finally started their trip across the Sierra Nevada in July and arrived at Salt Lake at the end of September, 1848. They took garden and fruit seeds and some grain from California to the Valley; these were very valuable in the colonizing ventures of the Great Basin where the variety and supply of seeds were limited. Some of the men also took gold dust with them which the State of Deseret used in minting its first authorized coins.

A majority of the *Brooklyn* Mormons also answered the call to gather at the Salt Lake Valley, especially during the years 1848 and 1850. As most of the faithful migrated to the Valley, the Mormon Church in California was left with fewer members and practically without leadership. Although Mormon activity in California almost came to an end, a few leading Saints remained, among whom was John Horner.

John Sutter. He employed the Mormons who were stranded in California after the Mexican War.

Not long before John M. Horner sailed with the Saints from New York, he married Elizabeth Imlay who became known as the "Bride of the *Brooklyn*". Soon after arriving in Yerba Buena, the Horners moved to Alameda County where they settled near the site of the future town of Irvington. After two crop failures the Horners succeeded in growing garden vegetables. Since he had the only supply in the area, Horner was able to sell his produce at a good price to the gold seekers. During the next few years Horner expanded his operations greatly and became one of the leading citizens of Alameda County. During the course of his activities he opened sixteen miles of public roads, laid out eight towns, operated a steamer and stagecoach line, and became an important figure in San Francisco real estate.

Of particular interest to the story of the Mormons was the fact that Horner built the first Latter-day Saint chapel in California in 1850. In it he conducted weekly religious services for about thirty people, most of whom were Mormons. The Presbyterians and Methodists also used the chapel on alternate Sundays. During the week the building served as a social center and schoolhouse for the community, and Horner paid for the services of a teacher.

In 1851 the Horners laid out a new community named Union City; it was located near the spot where the Alameda River empties into San Francisco Bay. In this new location Horner continued to hold religious services. A traveler who met Horner during this period wrote of him, "This gentleman seems to possess a very respectable character and disposition, and is a remarkable instance of the sudden acquisition of wealth." He indicated the scope of Horner's business activities by noting that "He owns the steamboat on which I came up to Union City, besides a line of stages running in the valley. The steamboat is principally employed in carrying Mr. Horner's produce to San Francisco." The traveler remarked that hundreds earned their living in Horner's employ and that few men were as liberal with their riches as he.

With the influx of hundreds of gold seekers into the Salt Lake area, it became imperative to organize a secular government to which Mormons and non-Mormons alike could appeal. Consequently Brigham Young issued a call to all the citizens

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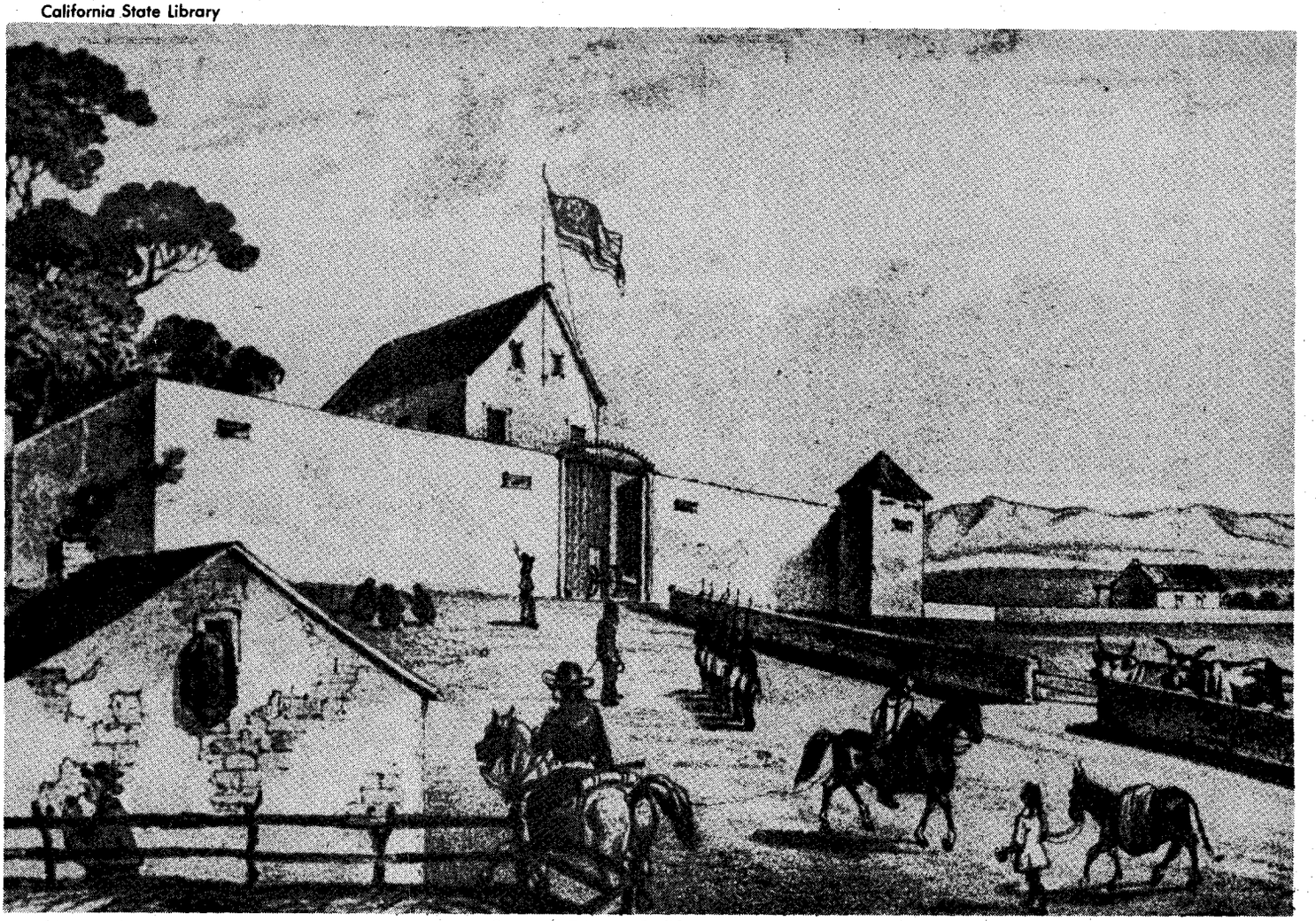
California State Library



Sutter's Fort in California.

of Upper California living east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to gather in Salt Lake City to form a state constitution. The convention met in February, 1849, and set up the provisional government of the State of Deseret. The proposed State's boundaries would have included all of what became the states of Utah and Nevada, parts of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon, and most of Arizona and southern California.

In September, 1849, a convention met in Monterey to draw up a constitution for California. One of the hottest issues involved the eastern boundary of the state. The "small state" faction favored the Sierra Nevada and Colorado River line, while the "large state" people favored the Rocky Mountains as the eastern limits of the state. The convention finally fixed California's limits at the Sierra Nevada. Thus by the fall of 1849, provisional governments had been created for two new states — California west of the Sierra Nevada and Deseret to the east.

Both California and Deseret petitioned for admission to the Union. Because both would likely be free states and because of the delicate balance existing between North and South in national politics, it was not probable that two free states would be admitted to the Union at that time. President Zachary Taylor favored a plan which would overcome this difficulty : California and Deseret would form a temporary amalgamation and would be admitted to the Union as a single state; at the beginning of 1851 they would automatically separate with no further action from Congress, and at that time the inhabitants of each would decide whether or not they would permit slavery.

Under orders from President Taylor, John Wilson, the United States Indian Agent, visited Brigham Young and other Mormon leaders on September 6, 1849, and presented this plan to them. The Mormons accepted it on the condition that California and Deseret would definitely separate by 1851. Brigham Young appointed Mr. Wilson and Amasa Lyman, one of the Twelve Apostles who was in San Francisco at that time, to transmit the plan to the California convention and urge its adoption.

By the time these messengers reached Monterey, the constitutional convention had completed its work, and California's provisional legislature was in session. Lyman and Wilson presented Deseret's proposal to Governor Peter H. Burnett, who in turn submitted it to the legislature on February 4, 1850. In an accompanying message he stated that he did not recommend the adoption of Deseret's plan. His main objection was that the time needed to carry out the planned amalgamation would delay California's admission into the Union for almost two years. He was also concerned about the territory claimed by both California and Deseret. The houses of the legislature tabled the proposition and took no further action. The brief but interesting contact between the Mormons in Desert and California was ended.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Bailey, Paul. *Sam Brannan and the California Mormons.*
Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of California.*

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CLOUD DANCER

(continued from page 9)

white men tear up *Paha Sapa's* beloved earth to find the yellow metal that drives them mad. Once *Pte*, the Buffalo, covered all the surrounding prairie in a flood of living flesh, providing enough food for everybody. Now *Pte's* bones rot in piles where the white hide-hunters have left them. Once Lakotah rode these Plains, a free and mighty nation, taking from our brothers, the Buffalo, only enough to satisfy their needs; now they crouch like whipped dogs on the Reservation and wait for the white man to throw them scraps of food! They are fools who do not know that it is better to die as a Lakotah than to live as a white man's Indian at the Fort."

The young priest laid his hand gently on the red man's thin shoulder. "Again I beg of you — do not speak of dying. Live with me at the Mission. I will see to it that you will live with dignity. I pledge you this in the name of the God we both worship, although by different titles."

The venerable medicine man chuckled unexpectedly; a dry, ghostly sound like the sibilant whisper of winter wind through the jackpines in the Moon of Deep Cold.

"Can you not see, my son, that my world has ended, while yours has just begun? Go now and give your meat and your love and your teaching to my hungry people at the Fort. Go *now*, my son. I grow weak; the fire burns low; the spirits draw near. Tell my nephew, Wolf Robe, to come tomorrow to prepare my shroud and build my funeral scaffold. Go *now*..."

Father Carey did not speak; there were no words in the white man's harsh tongue to express his deep pity, his genuine regret. A proud nation, an entire way of life poignantly symbolized in this courtly old man, was living out its last tragic moment before his eyes.

Silently the missionary arose and clasped the claw-like hand held out to him in farewell, pressed it firmly and turned away. On the rimrock above, the coyotes wailed in dirge-like chorus as he mounted his horse and turned back toward the Fort.

●RW

Source: *Black Robe On the Plains*, by Fr. M.S. Ryan, privately printed, New York, 1885.

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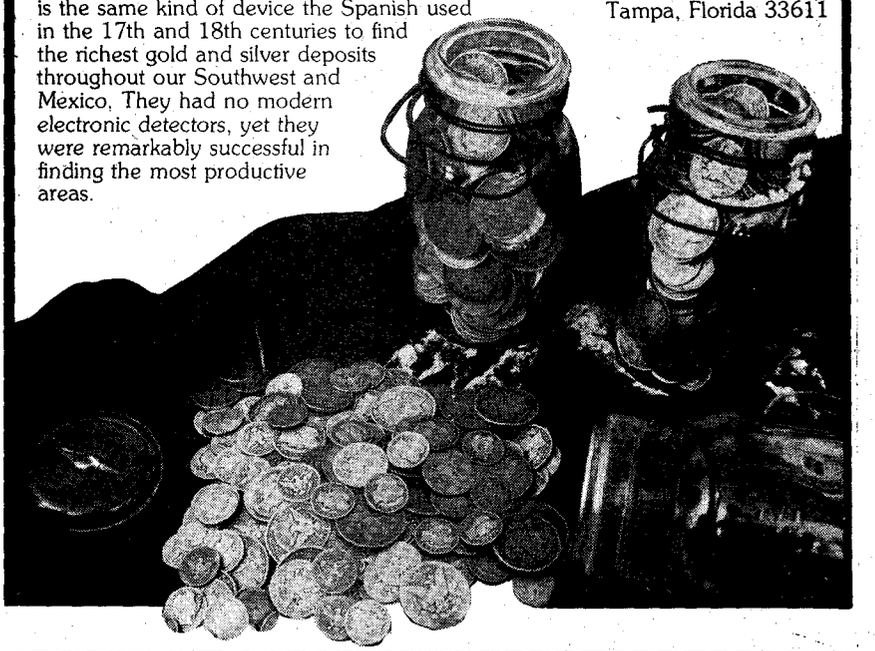

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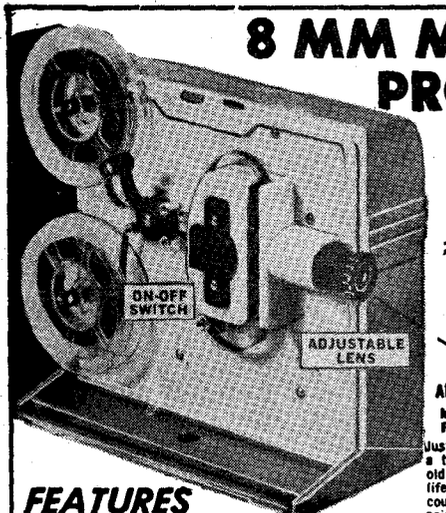

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KING OF THE KLONDIKE

(continued from page 29)

There was big money in freighting, as the frantic gold-seekers actually fought each other to hire the services of the best packers. Mike proved to be a whiz at the back-breaking job, astounding his fellow packers by lugging a small piano marked for a Dawson dance hall up the tortuous ice stairway at Chilkoot Pass to the dizzy summit of Chilkoot Mountain.

For that "hairy" job, Mahoney was acclaimed King of the Packers by his mates and immediately had to fight the deposed king to retain his crown. The former ruler made the sad error of pulling a knife when he tired of getting up to be knocked down again. Mike kicked the knife out of his hand and then proceeded to knock him out with his fists. There were no further challenges for the title.

At spring breakup, the young Irishman piloted a boat load of supplies down the Yukon to Dawson. As Mike expressed it, he felt "ten feet tall, with my feet in the earth and my head in the clouds!" He was bursting with animal spirits after the winter's hard work; the future was a dazzling golden dream. His poke was full of gold dust; he " had the world by the tail with a downhill jerk!"

After paying a lusty visit to the sporting girls of Dawson's Paradise Alley, Mike wound up at a poker table in the Monte Carlo saloon and thereby met Tex Rickard.

Turning Rickard's proposition down flat, Mike Mahoney went on to become a Northland hero in the next few hectic years. In addition to remaining King of the Packers, he became a skillful white-water pilot on the Yukon and a champion dog musher. His favorite team broke the trail record with a 14-day trip from Dawson to Skagway with a full load of gold and mail.

As a flyer, Mike staked a fractional gold claim that he later sold for $10,000. Well heeled, he joined the wild stampede to the new Jack Wade diggings across the mountains in Alaska. He staked a likely-looking claim near Discovery and proceeded to drop his entire bankroll in one disastrous winter. Unwilling to wait for spring and better mining conditions, the stubborn Irishman went broke sinking shafts and paying laborers high wages to cut wood for the fires used in thawing out the frozen earth so that the drillers could operate.

It was hopeless; Mahoney never recovered a dime from his Jack Wade claim that was completely surrounded by rich diggings. Mike took his loss philosophically. "The good Lord gave me a thick head," he grinned, "and by all the blessed saints, it's up to me to prove it!!"

Mahoney went back to freighting supplies, only to learn that freight rates had tumbled to below the break-even point. Times were bad and rapidly getting worse; the fabulous Klondike bonanza was playing out.

Suddenly, news of a new gold strike at Nome, 2000 miles away on the Bering Sea, swept the dying Klondike like wildfire. Mike started for Nome at once, driving his famous dog team down the frozen Yukon on the first leg of the long journey.

Tex Rickard had preceded Mahoney to Nome. Canny Tex had cleared out of moribund Dawson at the first whisper of the big new strike, got to Nome early and opened a combination saloon and gambling hall — the first of the several Great Northern Saloons he was to operate in various boom mining camps before turning exclusively to big-time Stateside fight promotion. Tex hired Mike as a bouncer soon after Mahoney reached Nome.

The well-paying job was a break for Mike, but, as usual, Rickard had an angle; he still hoped to build the lithe, powerful Mahoney into a heavyweight champion. He went to work with him at once, matching him against all challengers in his back room "Athletic Club". No exact records of these bouts were kept, but old sourdoughs recall that Mike was never beaten in at least 20 such brawls, and that he won as many with his feet as with his fists. Tex dubbed him "Champion of Alaska" and bet heavily on him in every fight.

At the time Mike was defending his Alaskan championship against all comers, the crack light-heavyweight boxer Tommy Burns, was barnstorming his way across the United States. He reached Seattle in May, 1904, and dropped in on a pal, professional gambler Brocky Bray. Brocky had succumbed to Alaskan gold fever and had just bought a claim near Nome, sight unseen, from a bewhiskered character who announced that he was just in from the gold fields. Whiskers had promised Bray that he would accompany him back to Nome to inspect his purchase but — predictably — had disappeared once he had his grubby paws on Brocky's thousand-dollar down payment. Bray prevailed upon the reluctant Burns to make the trip to Nome with him, albeit under protest. "Brocky, you've been clipped by a con expert," declared Tommy. "I'll go with you to Nome, but you might as well admit right now that you've been had.

Upon their arrival in the hectic new tent city on the Bering Sea, Bray quickly learned that Burns was right; his $1,000 "claim" was non-existent. Brocky turned to Tex Rickard's poker tables in an effort to recoup his loss. Burns was no gambler, and crafty Tex seized the opportunity to talk the bored pugilist into meeting Mike Mahoney in a bout "for the championship of Alaska."

Burns took a second look at the barrel-chested young giant he had so casually agreed to fight, and he insisted that the bout be held under regulation ring rules. Mike stubbornly held out for rough-and-tumble tactics. Tex worked out a compromise: Mahoney agreed to wear six-ounce gloves and go 10 two-minute rounds, while Burns conceded to Mike's demand that kicking be allowed.

Burns, actually a French-Canadian named Noah Brusso, pulled a classic boner in agreeing to Mike's stipulation that kicking be allowed. Although not a *la savate* expert himself, he had seen such experts in action in Quebec and Montreal and therefore knew what a good kicker could do to a man who fought only with his hands. But Tommy had the professional fighter's usual contempt for an amateur, and he couldn't picture a crude slugger like Mahoney knocking him out with his feet.

Rickard's back room at the Great Northern was jammed with excited spectators on the night of the fight. Most of the sourdoughs bet heavily on Mike; the *cheechakoes*, lately arrived from the States and familiar with Burns' excellent ring record there, backed Tommy. No odds were asked or given; it was even money and pick 'em.

Big Mike, looking at his shorter and lighter opponent, brooded darkly in his corner before the bell for the first round. Suddenly he appeared to reach a momentous decision and announced to his stunned backers: "I'll fight him with me fists alone. 'Tis the only honorable thing to do, seein' that I've height and weight and reach on him."

(continued on page 58)

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GEORGE PARROTT

(continued from page 48)

some time.

The top of Parrott's skull was presented to Lillian Heath, Dr. Osborne's assistant, now Mrs. Lou Nelson of Rawlins, and she recently presented it to the Union Pacific Museum at Omaha.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

History of the Union Pacific Railway

History of Wyoming.

Rawlins, Wyoming Newspaper Archives

EPILOG

Denver *Post*

Rawlins, Wyoming, April 24, 1943 ... Dr. John E. Osborne, 89, early-day Wyoming governor who once had a pair of shoes made from a desperado's skin, died today. He suffered a heart attack early this week. It was early in the 1880's after Osborne came West from Vermont, that Big Nose George Parrott was lynched by a Wyoming posse. Osborne, then a young physician, removed a square of skin from the body and had it tanned and fashioned into shoes, which are now on display at a Rawlins bank.

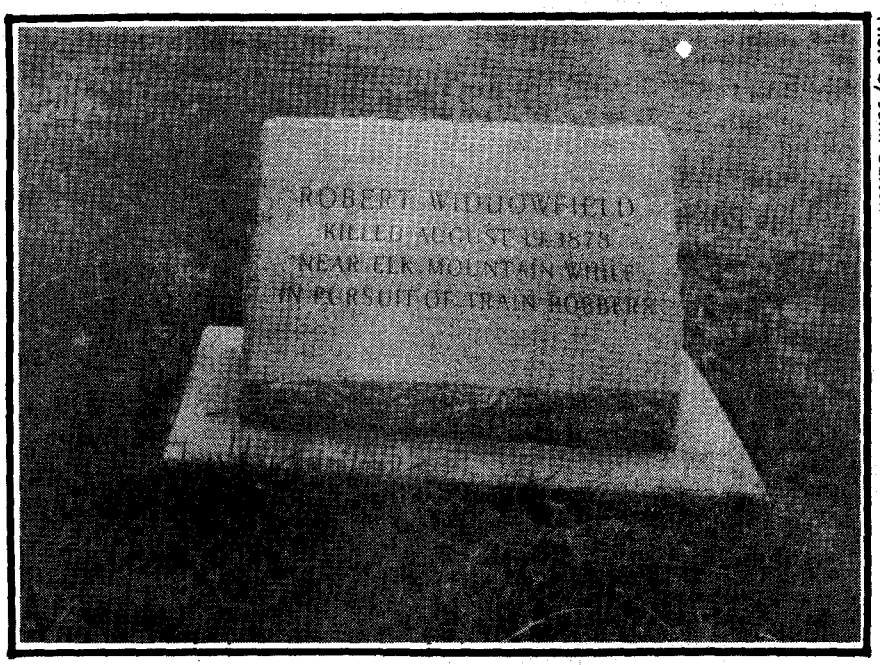

Photo by John Carson

Gravestone of Robert (Bob) Widdowfield who was killed by Big Nose George Parrott and his gang of train robbers.

Denver *Post*, May 12, 1950

Rawlins, Wyo. May 12 ... The bones of Big Nose George, a western gunman who was lynched in 1881, were uncovered late Thursday in a whiskey barrel in which they were buried sixty-nine years ago. Workmen digging a foundation for a new store building in downtown Rawlins made the find. A bottle of vegetable compound and a pair of shoes with glass nails were found with the bones. ●RW

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BLOODY COMANCHE MOON

(continued from page 13)

circling eastward through the country.

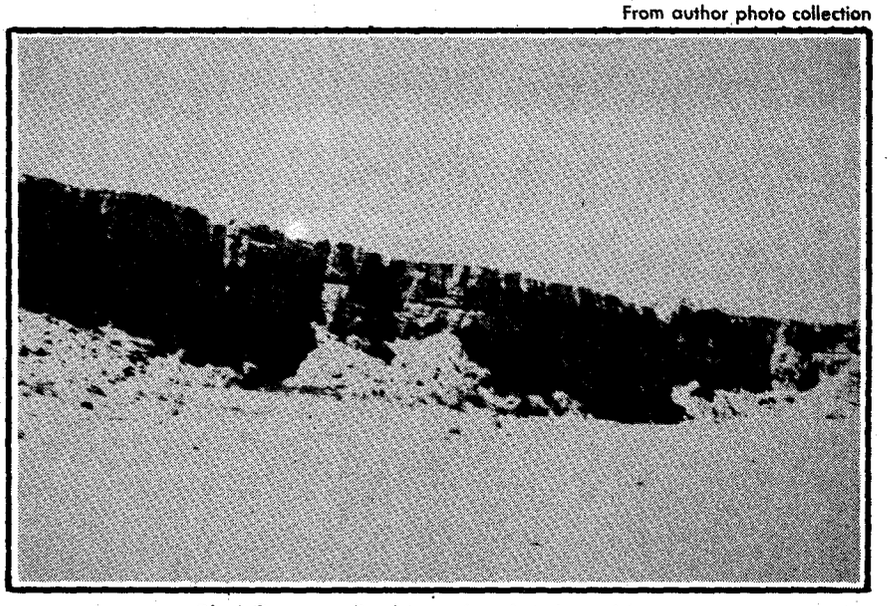
Informing the Hopis that the horses they traded for had been stolen south of Fort Defiance, Manuelito demanded their return. At first the Hopis angrily refused. In the end they handed them over, well knowing that the tough Manuelito would take them anyway.

Returning with the horses, Manuelito led on westward over the raiders' trail into Denebeto Valley. The route swung north, then towards Black Mountain. The Comanches were possibly five or six hours ahead.

The Navajos speeded up. Coming out of the valley, they approached the sandhills next to Black Mountain. Abruptly Manuelito held up in the lead.

Sign was scattered over a wide area where, for some reason, the horse herd had been held up and then run southwest. Going on, he halted again. Before him in a flat lay two dead horses, long Navajo arrow shafts sticking out of the carcasses. Both horses had been his property and ridden by Comanches.

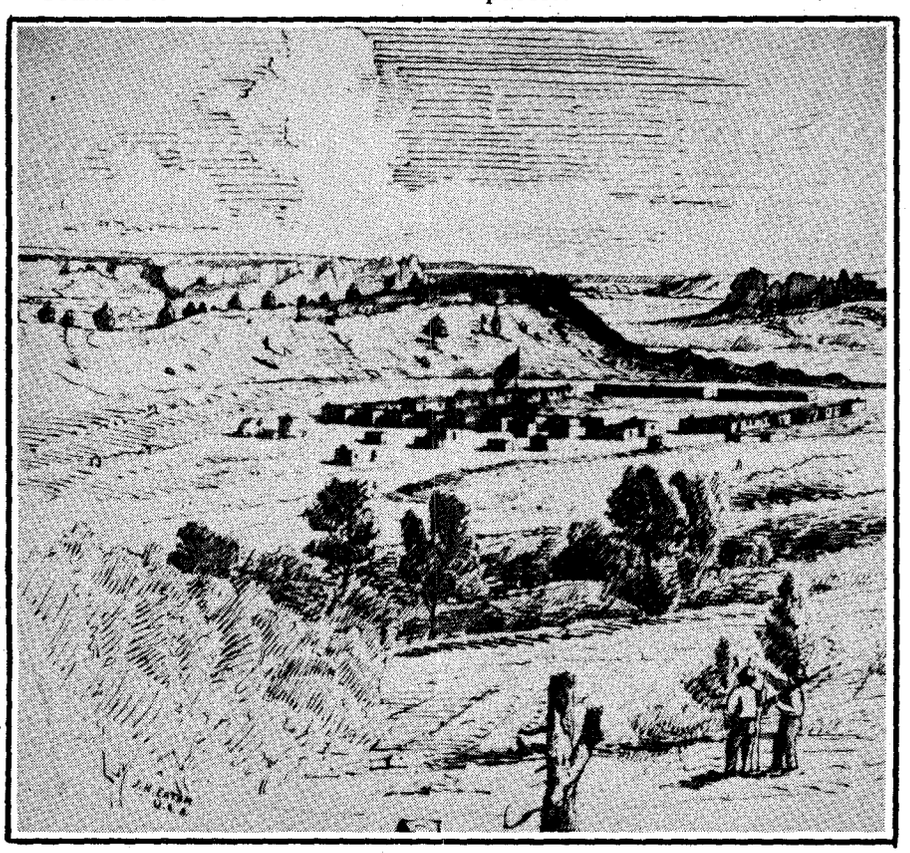
From author photo collection



Blue Canyon, final roundup for the raiders.

The Navajos soon read the story on the ground. While the raiders streaked for the mountain through the sandhills, they had been suddenly jumped by eight western Navajos. Apparently only the two horses being ridden were killed, although some of the Comanches might have been wounded.

The brief fight ended with the raiders racing southwest from the point of attack. Far ahead was the Hopi farming community of Moencopi, an off-shoot of ancient Oraibi pueblo.



From author photo collection

Fort Defiance as sketched by J.H. Eaton of the U.S. Army.

It was believed they might be heading there to hold over and rest up. But soon the raiders' trail swung directly west. At sundown Manuelito halted his warriors well away from the sharp rim of Blue Canyon.

Dismounting, a scout ran forward, hunkered over, and then crawled flat to the rim edge. After peering over for several minutes, he returned.

"They have made camp and are cooking," he reported as the Comanches settled in the wide and deep canyon. "The horses are scattered above them, grazing along the creek. Their saddled horses are hobbled close to camp."

"Here they will be killed," Manuelito announced. "We will go back to the hills and cook a meal. Tonight, when the dipper *tso* turns, we will strike them."

A scout was left to watch the Comanches. After the Navajos roasted meat, some was taken to the lookout.

The Navajos rested, slacked loose in the grass. Manuelito watched the big dipper come into being and then slowly start to turn on the handle of stars. Many times in his life he had attacked enemies during dark hours timed by no less than the constellation.

The horses had been tethered on ropes in a grassy flat. When he went to bring in his own to saddle, the others followed quickly. The mount of the lookout was taken to him.

No instructions were given. On nearing an upper trail down through a break in the blue and white banded wall, Manuelito dismounted. The trail was narrow and the horses were led on the descent to prevent immediate discovery.

(continued on page 62)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

Chatot, along with several other tribes, were moved to Louisiana. They settled first on the Bayou Boeuf, and later on the Sabine river, then still later moved to Oklahoma. It is believed they were related to the Choctaw and spoke both the Choctaw and French language.

The *Koasati* were also recorded as Coosawda and Coushatta which, at times, was shortened to Shati. They were a part of the Upper Creek tribe and spoke a dialect almost identical with Alibamu. The names seem to contain the name for reed or cane. From 1500 well into the seventeenth century, the Koasati lived along the Tennessee River. It is believed they could be the Coste, Acoste or Costehe Indians mentioned by De Soto in his works. They were mentioned again in 1567 during the expedition of Juan Pardo from Santa Elena. The Koasati were joined by the Kaskinampo, and soon after contact with the white man, a large portion of the tribe migrated south and settled near a village called Coosada at Larkin's Landing in Jackson county, Alabama.

Another part of the tribe joined the Upper Creeks, and soon after the French, in 1753, ceded their territories along the Mississippi River to the English. Many of the tribe then moved to the Tombrigee River. In 1795 another part of the tribe crossed the Mississippi River going as far as the Red River to settle; but again the tribe split, with some remaining on the Red River and others going into East Texas as far as the Trinity River. A few of those in Texas united with the Alabama Indians in Polk County where a few of their descendants remain. Others returned to Louisiana and settled northeast of Kinder, Louisiana. Some of the Koasati who had remained in Alabama accompained the Creek Indians to Oklahoma, where a few members of the tribe remain.

The *Bayogoula* Indians were a Muskoegan tribe. Their name was from the Choctaw "Bayuk-okla" meaning bayou people and was given to this tribe either because of their location, or because their tribal emblem was the alligator. Their language was of the southern Muskogean, not too much different from the Houma or Choctaw. It is believed this tribe was first visited by Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville in 1699, unless they were the Pisheona tribe mentioned in 1585 by

(continued on page 64)

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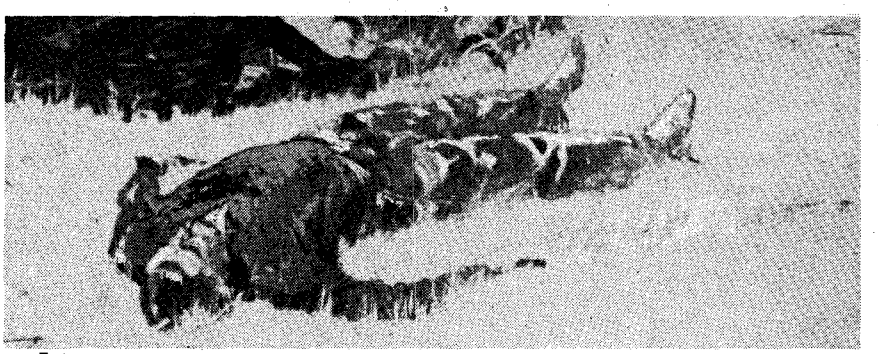
Kit Carson And Alexis Godey, Men Of Character



John Charles Fremont, "The Pathfinder to the West," lauded in history books for his discoveries of routes through the mountains to the Pacific coast and later for his part in liberating California from Mexico, could never find anyone to equal Kit Carson and Alexis Godey. He couldn't say enough in their behalf. He often repeated the following incident to illustrate their unmatched devotion to the idea of "righting a wrong". It was on the Spanish Trail near the edge of the desert where Kit Carson and Alexis Godey met two mutilated and half-dead Mexicans. The agitated duo gasped out a real horror story concerning themselves to the American scouts. They told of being the only survivors of a large party of men who were brutally massacred and horribly cut up by a band of Indians who stole their horses and left them unconscious for dead.

Without hesitation Godey and Carson offered to take up pursuit immediately and punish, if possible, the savages on the Mexican's behalf. After many hours of fast riding through the burning, sandy wastes, the two riders caught up with the warlike Indians who had already started upwards to their encampment in the mountains. Fifty miles from their starting place and in unfamiliar territory, the Fremont guides, without slowing their pursuit or counting the number of war braves against them, attacked through a hail of deadly arrows.

The pair of daring white men killed two redskins, scattering thirty warriors of the tribe, and recovered fifteen of the Mexicans' horses. The whole resolute operation covered over 100 miles in 30 hours, and it left both men unharmed from injuries.

Fremont, a good judge of men, always believed Kit Carson to be somewhat of a superman on the frontier, and having a high regard of Alexis Godey, he was quick to testify to his ability — "In courage and professional skill, he was a formidable rival to Kit Carson, and constantly among the most efficient men in difficult situations. Godey was always of incalculable value to me." ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *Men of El Tejon* by Earle Crowe, Los Angeles, 1957.

KING OF THE KLONDIKE

(continued from page 54)

"Get in there, you big ox, and kick his head off!" hissed his chief second, Jimmy "the Goat" Quinn, when he had recovered from the shock. The Goat, Mike's close friend and Nome's leading professional gambler, had $5,000 riding on the brawny Irishman.

The bell sounded before Mike could reply. He rushed from his corner swinging roundhouse rights that would have annihilated Burns had they landed. Tommy ducked, sidestepped, and started the blood streaming from Mike's nose with stinging left jabs. Mahoney blinked, lowered his head like a maddened bull moose and charged. Again Burns ducked away from a terrific swing and jabbed Mike's crimsoned beak with his accurate left. Disdainfully, he opened up a slashing two-fisted attack that had Mahoney bruised and bleeding at the bell. The slick pro was grinning broadly as he went to his corner at the end of the round.

"This big bull couldn't fight his way out of a barnyard!" reported Burns to Brocky Bray. "I'll nail him in the next round."

Bray handed Tommy the water bottle. "This guy is tough as rawhide," warned Brocky. "Better wear him down for a few rounds and make sure. I got my roll on you — what's left of it. Blow this one, pal, and *you* buy the steamer tickets back to Seattle!"

In Mahoney's corner, Jimmy the Goat was close to having a fit. "Please Mike, use your *feet!*" implored the anguished Goat. "All the boys are betting their pokes on you. You'll bust the whole damn town if you lose!"

Brawny Mike shook his battered head. "Nah — I can lick him with me fists. If I could hit him square — just *once* ..."

Jimmy flashed a distress signal to Tex Rickard, soaked a spong with water and swabbed the blood of Mike's hashed-up face.

Rickard strolled over to add his sage counsel to the entreaties of Jimmy the Goat. Tex was poker-faced, as always, but his blue eyes were narrowed and cold. "Don't be a goddam fool," he drawled. "This feller will cut you to ribbons if you don't quit tryin' to fist-fight him. Boxin's *his* game, not yours. Time

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enough for you to learn fist-fightin' *after* this fight. I got a chunk bet on you, Mike. Don't make a sucker of me."

Mahoney grunted but said nothing. Plainly, he was unconvinced.

The confident Burns moved out swiftly for the second round. He jabbed Mike twice with a stinging left, crossed a vicious right flush to the big man's jaw. Mahoney wobbled under the blow but kept boring in, trying desperately to land a bludgeoning right or a wide, scythe-like left hook. Land he did, occasionally, but clever Tommy was either rolling with the punch or going away, and the sweeping blows had little effect. The *Cheechakoes* roared with delight at the furious action, while the sourdoughs urged Mike on with bellowed battle cries, drowning out Jimmy the Goat's frantic yells of "Kick, Mike, for Chrissake, *kick*."

The round ended with Mahoney standing still in the center of the ring, with Burns weaving before him, hitting him at will.

"This guy sure *is* tough!" Tommy admitted to Bray as he sat down on his stool. "But I'll get him this round for sure. I *gotta* get him soon! If he ever hits me square with that right — curtains!"

"Okay," agreed Brocky. "Go get him!"

In Mahoney's corner, Jimmy the Goat renewed his anguished plea for Mike to use his feet. Tex Rickard stared balefully at his gladiator from ringside but did not again approach him. Just before the bell rang for the start of the third round, Mike suddenly capitulated. "All right, goddam it, I'll use me feet. But it's not proud I'll be for doin' it.

"The hell with your pride!" barked the Goat. "Just think of my five grand and let him have it!"

The third round was practically a replay of the second — up to the closing thirty seconds. Burns missed a hard overhand right at Mike's chin and threw himself momentarily off balance. Instantly Mike's right foot lashed upward into Burns' stomach. Tommy's breath whooshed out in a great gasp and he dropped as if shot. The ten-count was a mere formality, as Burns was paralyzed for several minutes.

Years later Burns recalled: "After it was all over we shook hands and had some food and drinks and then it dawned on me that I had forgotten that we could kick with our feet, although I doubt if it would have

(continued on page 62)

A GOLDEN AWAKENING

By Clarence M. Fink

Victor Van Blashingham, American sailor, forfeited three years pay aboard the *Neptune* by jumping ship in San Francisco Bay. This was at the start of the 1850's in California, and he wanted an opportunity to tear gold out of the bowels of the earth. A light wind blew in through the Golden Gate, fresh and sweet, bearing the rich odor of the incorruptible sea. In a flash he was over the ship's side and was gone. In the beginning there was a great stillness, broken only by the scraping of his boots on the sand. Suddenly he felt alone until he was joined by the masses who had come to test their dreams with courage. At that moment he was ready to slug it out with the rest of the world. Unfortunately, some of those dreams didn't last or come true.

Two months later, in Sonora of the Southern Mines he was broke, hungry, and dispirited. The bubble of good fortune hadn't solidified, and his pockets weren't lined with the nuggets of his first desire. He met adversity head on and had come out second best.

Pedro Arenas, late of Chile, was the timid type of man who had come with his countrymen more in the spirit of adventure than for profit. More bookish than practical, Pedro leaned heavily on his younger brother, Mendoza, for help in many ways. He met Victor Van Blashingham, liked him immediately, fed him, and generously and graciously offered him a third partnership in an abandoned mine left by the original owner disgusted at the lack of quick riches.

Victor and Mendoza dug deeper and struck pay dirt. The trio rejoiced at this good fortune, and the ounces of the heavy gold grew to 30. Then Victor broke into a pocket of small nuggets which they placed in a large cookie tin in the rear of their tent. Two days later, they planned a royal celebration for themselves in San Francisco. But then, to their consternation next day, disappeared the well-filled cookie tin and it remained missing after a frantic search for it. Gone was their fortune of hard labor. Who had taken it? There had been no working strangers in their vicinity, and their nearest neighbor had been a small Chinaman further down the gulch, known for his honesty. The three men were mystified.

Then late one night Mendoza woke Victor and cautioned him to silence. Back of him he saw the movements of Pedro Arenas. The Chilean's motions were slow but methodical. His eyes were glassy, staring straight ahead. "Do not speak to Pedro, for he is asleep and knows not what he does, Senor Victor. Once as a small boy I saw him like this. He walked out into the night and led my father's sheep from one hill to another before he awoke. We'll follow and watch out for his safety!" whispered Mendoza. Fully awake now, Victor nodded assent.

The sleep-laden Pedro pushed out into the starlit exterior through the tent's front flap; he walked straight across the Sonora camp and mounted a fallen trunk of a tree used as a handy bridge over a small creek. Those following him could hear the rattle of a snake in the bushes nearby, and they feared for his safety. Finally, Victor and Mendoza saw Pedro stop by a hollow opening in a rocky hillside, stoop down quickly, retrieve the cookie tin, and without hesitation retrace his steps through the quiet camp. With perfect balance he traversed the log bridge and reentered the canvas shelter and lay down on his cot.

The two partners checked the money tin, found the full amount of gold untouched, hid it again and went back to sleep. In the morning Pedro expressed genuine joy at the recovery to their lost fortune. Asking Victor and Mendoza where they had found the gold-bearing tin, the two answered evasively that the yellow metal had been misplaced and buried outside their tent. They had just remembered the exact spot. The sleep-walking Pedro hadn't the slightest recollection of the part he had played so conspicuously in the silent drama.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *Sonora of the Southern Mines*, by Charles Darrell, San Jose, 1931.

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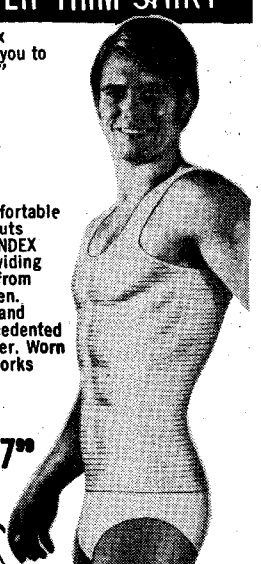

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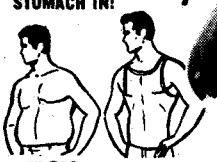

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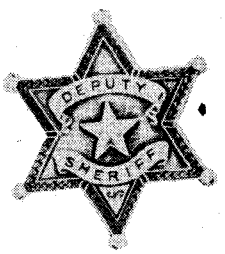

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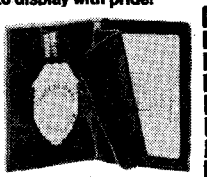

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BLOODY COMANCHE MOON

(continued from page 56)

On reaching the bottom, Manuelito moved to the right, the others following single file. All stayed in deep night shadow from the high wall that concealed them. Around a bend Manuelito moved directly across the shallow running creek, coming in against the base of the west wall.

The saddled horses were pocketed in coves as security from being seized by any Comanche who might escape what was to be a deadly onslaught.

Brief reconnoiter revealed that the raiders slept. Three cooking fires were small beds of coals, glowing only when the night wind stirred the ashes.

Before leading his warriors out, Manuelito tolled off two to start moving the widely grazing stolen horses downstream. They would do this skillfully on foot so that no noise would arouse the camp prematurely.

There were only three muzzle-loading rifles among them, which would be used only if necessary.

Hunkering close to the ground and taking advantage of all natural concealment, the warriors gained the creek, crossing to the east side. Nearing the camp, they spread into a long half-circle. No saddled horses were near the camp now, and this fact bothered Manuelito.

The last thirty feet to the recumbent Comanche forms was traversed. Each Navajo made for one. But some were close together and that would cause trouble.

Out came the long knives, blades sharp as razor edges. Easing to a victim, a swift slash severed a throat and then quickly to the next robed form.

On the upper end of the camp one warrior made an error. He did not cut fast and sure enough. His bleeding victim had time to roll away from a second descent of the knife and scream before dying.

In an instant Comanches leaped from blankets with muzzle-loading rifles. They blasted the night apart, mostly at shadows. Then they had to halt long enough to reload. Many died before they could do so.

The knife men had done their deadly work thoroughly. Only a few Comanches survived. They began retreating backwards towards the high wall base, trying to beat off a charge.

Manuelito called for his warriors to go after them, which they did. Bowmen strung arrows on the run. Four carried lances. Coming into hand-to-hand conflict, each impaled a raider.

Three surviving Comanches fled into the deep night shadows, around a jutting point of the wall. There their saddle horses had been relocated earlier. Leaping onto saddles, they escaped north up the canyon.

Being dismounted, Manuelito's warriors could not pursue on the jump. In the cove they drove out horses, most of which came from the stolen herd, and returned to the camp, saturated with the raiders' blood.

Considerable equipment was picked up. The dead were left on the ground. Their bones furnished medicine men part of an enemy body for many decades afterwards.

Crossing the creek, Manuelito mounted his warriors again and went on to overtake the horse herd being driven afoot. Before halting, he went among the loose animals to make sure Racer was there and unharmed.

He led his warriors home in triumph. They had slain all of the raiders except the three who got away.

So far as can be ascertained from records, this was the farthest west Comanche raiders ever penetrated Navajo country. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Statements of Hosteen Sacadi and Hosteen Sagnetyazzie who were with Manuelito's warriors. Sacadi was from Navajo Mountain and died there in 1924. Sagnetyazzie, after serving as an army scout in the 1880's removed west to near Inscription House trading post.

Statements of Manuelito to many people during the late year of his life. He died in 1894. While wont to brag, the evidence of other Navajos substantiated his account.

Brief History of the Navajos, A, by Richard Van Valkenburg. Mimeographed, Window Rock, Arizona, 1935.

Manuelito, Navajo Naat'aani by J. Lee Corral. Window Rock, Arizona, 1965.

Navajo Legends by Washington Matthews. New York, N.Y., 1897.

Navajo Indians, The, by Dane Coolidge and Mary Roberts Coolidge. Boston, and New York, 1930.

KING OF THE KLONDIKE

(continued from page 59)

made any difference. What a kick that was!

"It has always been my honest opinion that Klondike Mike would have been a World's Heavyweight Champion if he had followed the boxing game."

Tommy Burns went on to win the world's heavyweight championship from Marvin Hart in 1906 and lose it in turn to Jack Johnson in 1908. Tex Rickard, by then a big-time fight promotor in the States, remembered Mike Mahoney. He wrote to Mike at his home in Fairbanks, Alaska, offering him a guarantee of $50,000 to fight Johnson for the title. "Mike, you are the greatest *natural* fighter in the world today," wrote Tex. "Johnson is the top *Professional* fighter, but with the proper training, I am sure you could beat him. How about giving it a try?"

Mahoney refused Rickard's handsome offer. He was 31, happily married, and he had struck it rich at last. His gold claims were paying off big and he didn't need Rickard's $50,000 or the heavyweight title, either. He sent Tex his regrets, and the balked promotor turned to digging up a procession of dismal "White Hopes" in a fruitless effort to develop a worthy challenger for the peerless black champion, ending in the wretched mismatch of long retired Jim Jeffries with Johnson at Reno in 1910. Not until 1915 did Jack lose the title, after going 26 grueling rounds with towering Jess Willard under the broiling Havana sun.

Today, in Alaska, grizzled sourdoughs stoutly insist that Jack Johnson was lucky when Klondike Mike Mahoney decided against turning pro.

They could be right. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

High Jinks on the Klondike, Richard O'Connor, Bobbs-Merril, Inc. (1954).

Klondike Mike, Merrill Denison, Wm. Morrow & Co. 1943.

Skid Road, Murray Morgan, Viking Press, 1951.

A Dog Puncher on the Yukon, A. T. Walden, Houghton Mifflin, 1928.

Gold, Men and Dogs, A.A. Allan, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1931.

The Pioneers of the Klondike, Hayne and Taylor, S. Low Marston, London, 1897.

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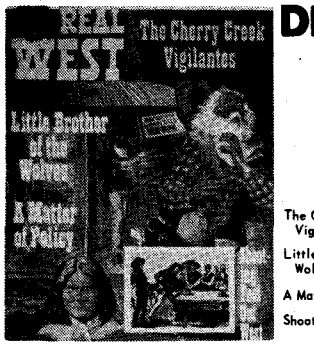


DEC.73

The Cherry Creek Vigilantes

Little Brother of the Wolves

A Matter of Policy

Shooting Pool out West

JAN.74

The Treasure of Parrott Park

Who Was Calamity Jane

Clay Allison Laughing Killer

Real West Movie Hall of Fame

Big Boot Wallace
A Legend in His Own Time
Spokan Garry, Amazing Indian Chief
Frank James: The Hard Road Back
Playing Fair in Fairplay?!

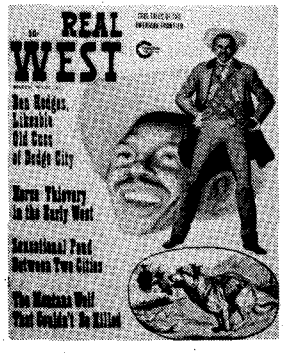
FEB.74

Big Boot-Wallace--A Legend in His Own Time

Spokan Garry, Amazing Indian Chief

Frank James, The Hard Road Back

Playing Fair in Fairplay


Ben Hodges, Likeable Old Cuss of Dodge City
Horse Thievery in the Early West
Sensational Feud Between Two Cities
The Montana Wolf That Couldn't Be Killed

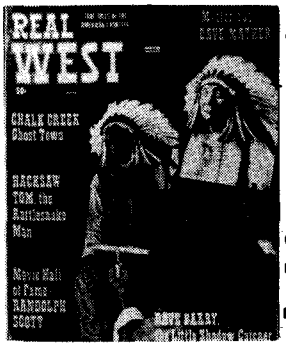
MAR.74

Ben Hodges, Likeable Old Cuss of Dodge City

Horse Thievery in the Early West

Sensational Feud Between Two Cities

The Montana Wolf That Couldn't Be Killed



APR.74

Mysterious Dave Mather

Chalk Creek--Ghost Town

Hacksawtom, The Rattlesnake Man

Dave Barry--Little Shadown Catcher

MAY 74

Heroine of the ALAMO, SUSANNAH DICKINSON

The day JESSE JAMES tried to Surrender

A Bloodstained SWORD

Sierra Trail, NANCY KELSEY

JULY 74

QUANTRILL in Texas

Hellacious CATFISH KID

BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN

AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

AUG.74

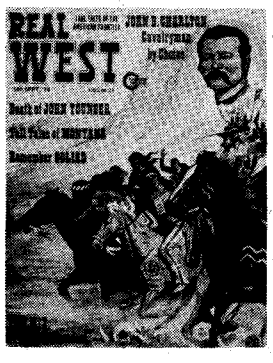
The WOODSTOCK DISASTER

A Man For Breakfast

Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL

COWBOY BURL

RED RIVER VALLEY



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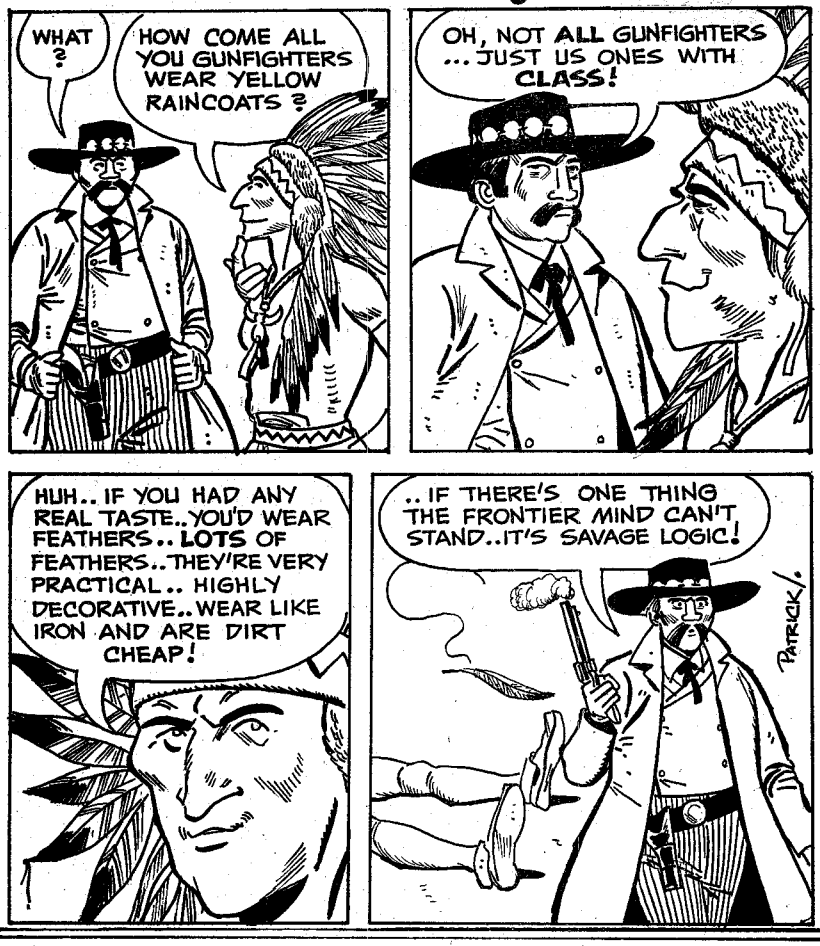
HOTSPURS by Patrick


WHAT ?
HOW COME ALL YOU GUNFIGHTERS WEAR YELLOW RAINCOATS ?
OH, NOT ALL GUNFIGHTERS ... JUST US ONES WITH CLASS!
HUH.. IF YOU HAD ANY REAL TASTE..YOU'D WEAR FEATHERS.. LOTS OF FEATHERS..THEY'RE VERY PRACTICAL.. HIGHLY DECORATIVE..WEAR LIKE IRON AND ARE DIRT CHEAP!
.. IF THERE'S ONE THING THE FRONTIER MIND CAN'T STAND..IT'S SAVAGE LOGIC!
PATRICK

As you locate a word in the diagram, circle it and cross it off the word list. All words are always found in a straight line either FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN, or DIAGONALLY. No letters are ever skipped. You will not use up all the letters in a given diagram.

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L	M	A	O	B	A	O	M	X	L	U	I
A	E	Z	L	S	S	A	L	G	I	X	D
Z	R	I	E	Z	E	N	U	G	X	I	S
Y	O	N	N	X	M	L	V	U	J	R	E
Y	F	G	T	Y	B	O	S	N	E	E	U
C	E	L	D	O	L	H	E	F	S	D	Q
R	G	A	E	B	A	O	S	I	U	R	S
O	N	N	A	W	C	C	R	G	I	U	A
S	A	D	T	O	K	L	O	H	V	M	B
S	R	E	H	C	T	A	H	T	E	H	T

ALCOHOL
BLACK ✓
~~BASQUES~~
~~CHARLEY~~
~~COWBOY~~
~~DICK~~
~~DUEL~~
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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 57)

Henri de Tonti. In 1699 the Bayogoula occupied a town along with the Mugulash Indians, but early in the winter of 1699 and again in 1700 they suffered surprise attacks from the Houma Indians. The village contained two temples and 107 cabins. A fire was kept burning constantly in the temples which had many figures of birds, and of animals such as the bear, the wolf and the "cohouconache" or opossum.

The opossum seemed to have been a chief deity or image, and offerings were made to it. There were about 250 men in the tribe, including the Mugulash. Because of a dispute between the chiefs of the two tribes, the Bayogoula attacked the Mugulash in 1700, killing many of their fellow townsmen. In 1706 a similar fate was suffered by the Bayogoula who had let the Taensa Indians seek refuge among them. The Baogoula were surprised in an attack, and many of them were massacred by their perfidious guests. The remnants of the Bayogoula then moved to a place near New Orleans and later made another move upriver to the Ascension Parish, where they lived between the Huma and Acolapissa in 1739. Many sources believe these to be one and the same tribe, the distinction being kept because the chief of each band was descended from the tribe mentioned.

Later articles will give more of the background and history of other little-known tribes. ●RW

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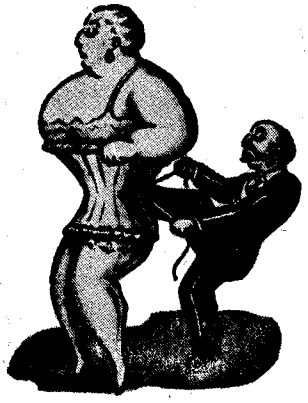

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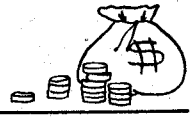

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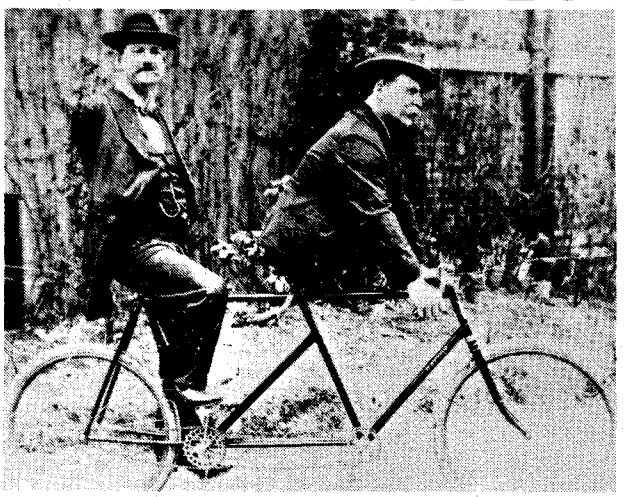

Many heads turned when **Charles Tripp,** *"Armless Wonder," and his friend* **Eli Bowen,** *"Legless Wonder," rode their bicycle built for two.*

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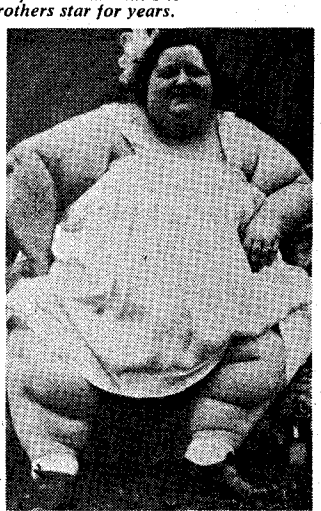

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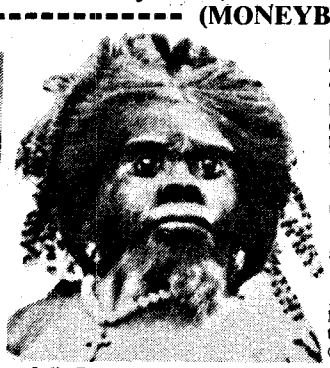

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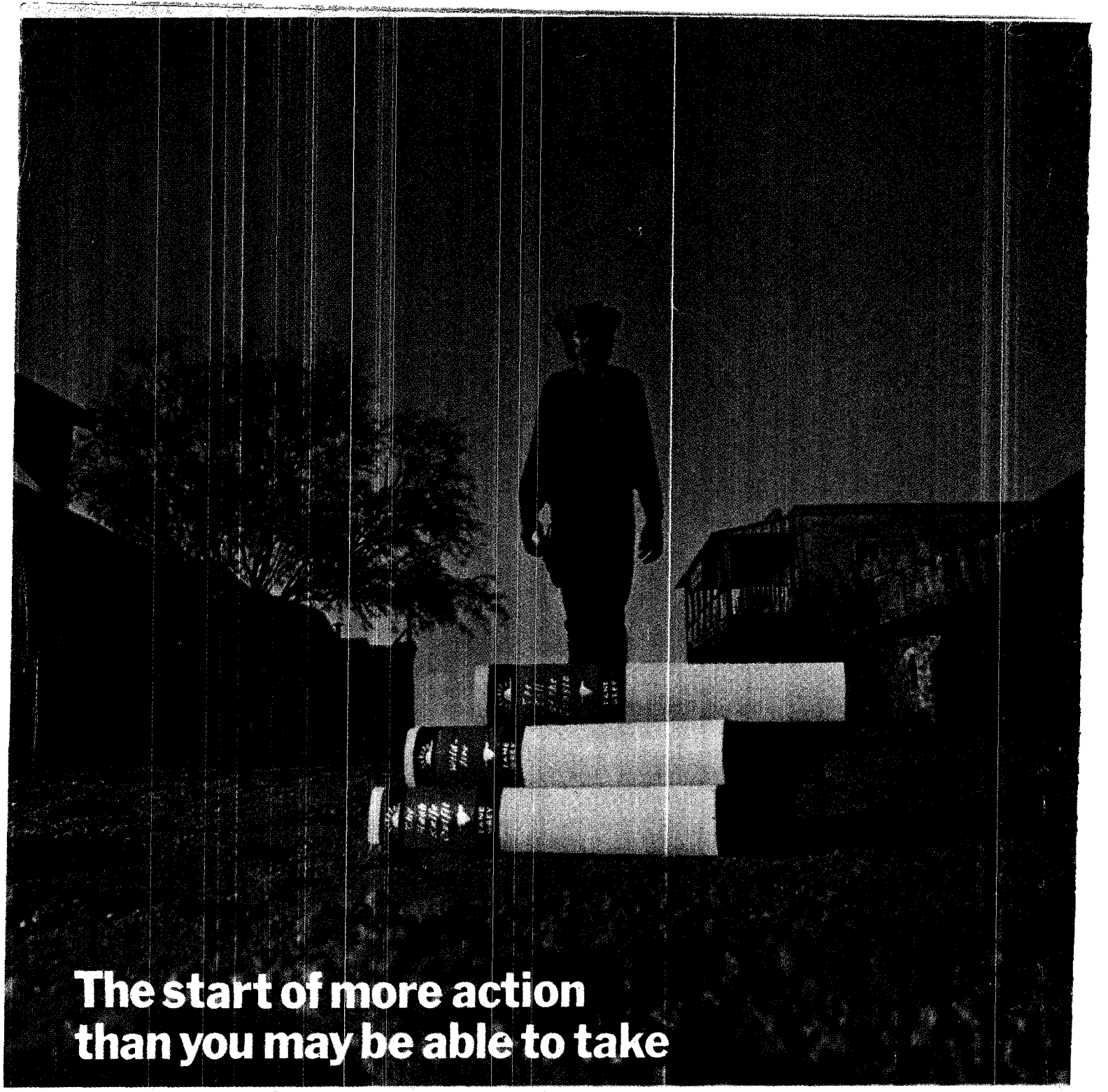

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